THE LIVING AGE

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for May, 1934

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

'PLUS ça change, plus c'est la même chose' would be a fitting title for the group of articles from our issues of the mid-nineteenth century that we are reprinting in commemoration of ninety years of continuous publication. The first three items deal with the history of the magazine and its founder, Eliakim Littell, and then we turn back to 1844. The 'New World' from the *Church of England Review*, reprinted from our issue of June 29, 1844, shows that ninety years ago people thought that recent technological progress made necessary a complete reorganization of human life. A year ago we thought that we were blazing a new trail by giving publicity to Technocracy. It now appears that Mr. Littell was a good ninety years ahead of us. As for the essay on 'Movable Morals,' which appeared some thirty years later, it has the same cynical point of view that is generally associated with the Jazz Age.

'YANKEE Meditations on European War' shows that the prospect of war in Europe has always aroused hopes of increased business in the United States and corresponding irritation in the Old World. In like manner, Lord Bulwer-Lytton took the same satisfaction in hoping that the American Civil War would destroy the Union for all time that his Tory descendants take in prophesying that the depression will lead to a break-up in the near future.

THE Boxer Rebellion in 1900, the fall of the Manchu dynasty in 1911, and the victories of the Kuomintang in 1926 brought forth successive laments that China was relapsing into a state of anarchy. But it seems that the Conservative *Spectator* found exactly the same symptoms in the China of 1845 that exist to-day. The subject of money has also been widely discussed in recent years, and Major Douglas's Social Credit advocates announce the startling news that money is merely a certificate to facilitate the exchange of goods. It seems that *Blackwood's Magazine* made the same discovery in 1875. But surely the Russian collective-farm experiment is something new? Not at all. D. Mackenzie Wallace quotes Cavour as saying that the Russian communal farm is an institution destined to sweep the world.

LAST month in 'Europe in Revolution' we wrote an editorial article maintaining that Europe is now in the throes of a revolution similar to the uprisings of 1848. The two articles 'Men for the Times' and 'A Glance at the State of Europe' confirm this contention. The first beginning with the words, 'It is not a constitution, so much as a man, that is wanted in France,' is just as timely in 1934 as it was in 1848. The second compares the uprisings of 1848 with the Reformation—just as we compared the disturbances of the present time with both these periods.

CURIOUSLY enough it is when we turn to Carlyle's 'Advice to Young Men' and Ruskin's 'Letter to Young Girls' that the differences between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries become most noticeable. Carlyle's verdict that 'all books are properly the record of the history of past men' would not be endorsed by the growing school of historians who believe that economic forces determine human affairs.

BUT Dickens's essay on Thackeray and Trollope's essay on Dickens bear the stamp of the nineteenth century—and especially the stamp of the Victorian Age—more unmistakably than any of the other features. Dickens, for instance, deplores the 'want of earnestness' that Thackeray

(*Continued on page 282*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

May, 1934 *Volume 346, Number 4412*

The World Over

THE EVENTS of 1934 in France, seen in relation to the whole post-war history of that country, indicate that scandals far more sensational than the Stavisky case are likely to break this year, followed by more serious disturbances than have yet been seen. Even before the War André Tardieu was accused by Caillaux of accepting money from a consortium in the French Congo for his assistance at a time when he was in the government service, and he also worked to promote the interests of an Anglo-French railway in Turkey instead of supporting a purely French undertaking. Documents from the Russian secret archives show that he received regular funds from the Tsarist Government for supporting its policy in the *Temps*, and after the War he worked with Finance Minister Klotz, who was involved in a huge scandal concerning the liquidation of American supplies left in France. More recently his name has been consistently linked with the house of Schneider-Creusot, the largest armament concern in the world.

But Tardieu, the outstanding figure in the Doumergue Cabinet, is not the only French politician with dubious connections. President Lebrun is a former employee of the Comité des Forges, Flandin was connected with the Aéropostale scandal of a few years ago, and Laval was implicated in a bank crash. Thus the present French Government, like our own Harding Administration, contains more than one member whose personal integrity is as dubious as his political affiliations. It is

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because such men have come into power on the eve of a crisis comparable to that of September, 1931, in England and of March, 1932, in the United States that popular discontent is likely to run high.

Because of the widespread corruption in the French press it is almost impossible to find authentic information about recent events. It remained for the April issue of *Current History* to publish a remarkable article by one of the few honest journalists in France, Roger Mennevée, editor of the *Documents Politiques*, entitled the 'Plot to Kill French Democracy.' M. Mennevée writes: 'I am convinced that the Stavisky affair was organized under the auspices of what could be called the Tardieu-Chiappe group for the purpose of creating in the mind of the French people a strong mistrust against members of parliament and thereby against parliament itself and to aid the establishment of a more or less personal dictatorship.' The *Labour Monthly*, a London Communist organ, contained an even more damning article in the same vein. Its author, Frank Jellinek, writes:—

> The plot, indications show, was engineered by Tardieu, ex-secretary of Clemenceau, forger of the Havas report trying to identify Gorgulov, murderer of President Doumer, with the Communist Party, involved in the Homs-Bagdad, N'Goko-Sangha, Oustric scandals, rich, unscrupulous, ferociously ambitious, closely connected with finance-capital and also with the reactionary organizations.
>
> The plot was subtle: directed against parliamentarianism in order to 'save' parliamentarianism for the benefit of the big bourgeoisie and at the expense of the petty bourgeoisie and the workers. The idea was to let one of the big parliamentary-financial scandals involving the bourgeois 'Left' break, thus checking a leftward tendency notable on the part of the representatives of the petty bourgeoisie, show up the rottenness of present parliament, remold it anew in a pure, strong, new, and national way, so that later it might be swung into Fascism, if necessary.

Mr. Jellinek makes even Daladier an accomplice of the plot on the ground that he did not dismiss Chiappe outright for encouraging Fascist demonstrations but offered him the resident-generalship of Morocco.

The installation of the Doumergue Cabinet represented only a partial victory for Tardieu: the general strike of the French Communists and Socialists probably forestalled an outright Fascist coup d'état in February. Mr. Jellinek described this strike as follows:—

> The strike began at midnight on Sunday. At the very lowest reliable (bourgeois) estimate, 60 per cent of the workers came out in Paris. To these must be added railwaymen, cinema operators, and so forth, who had agreed on brief demonstrations, from ten minutes to an hour and a half. The civil servants, especially the postal workers, came out solid. So did the newspaper printers. Teachers, 80 per cent. Buses, 90 per cent till noon; then solid. Trams solid. (Taxis were already 100 per cent out.) 60 per cent in the subway shops, 30 per cent in the services. And

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so on. An actual total of about 75 per cent. At Vincennes, between 100,000 and 150,000 workers, Communists and Socialists, marched solidly together, singing the 'International,' shouting in chorus: '*Chiappe en prison! Unité d'action! Les Soviets partout!*' It was a most remarkable demonstration of disciplined solidarity.

In the provinces, at Marseilles, Lyons, Montluçon, Lille, Dunkerque, in little towns hardly heard of, the workers came out solidly against Fascism. The bourgeois press and the Right, alarmed, indignant, tried to minimize this success. But it was too visible. On Monday, February 12, 1934, French Fascism received a warning. The hour was not absolutely critical. Will the united front of February 12 hold together when it comes to a fight for its very existence? And it will come to that.

The comparatively easy victories of Fascism in Germany and Austria may not, therefore, be duplicated in France, especially when we remember that the Socialists and Communists in the large cities can count on some support from the more moderate Radicals and Radical Socialists in the smaller towns where the Republican tradition still lives.

ARMAMENT NEWS has been to the fore in the British press. Sir Herbert Lawrence, chairman of the board of Vickers-Armstrong, virtually confessed to the shareholders of that company that it was selling arms to Germany and Austria with the connivance of the British Government. At the same time Parliament has sanctioned a naval building programme that will lead to a new armament race and compel the terms of the London Naval Treaty of 1930 to be revised upward, according to A. V. Alexander, Lord of the Admiralty in the last Labor Government. Finally, Hector C. Bywater, naval correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* and the foremost naval expert in the country, has attached such importance to a German article on the British guns at Singapore that he published the statements it contains. From this authoritative source we learn that in 1928 three 18-inch guns, the heaviest in the world, were shipped to the British base at Singapore. Each of them is over 59 feet long, weighs 150 tons, and fires a projectile of more than 3,300 pounds. The same article also revealed that new batteries are being installed on the islands around Singapore and that plans are being rushed to complete the work by September of this year. To make an airport six hundred acres of jungle are being cleared, and a fuel oil depot containing 1,200,000 tons has also been installed. All of which may have its bearing on the war danger in the Orient, in general, and on the recent secret meeting of British admirals at Singapore, in particular.

WITH INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTION and ocean and railway freight between 10 and 20 per cent ahead of the early months of 1932 and with unemployment down over two million, Hitler has felt safe in handing more power over to the big industrialists who used to contribute to his

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campaign funds. For instance, a new law has come into force giving twelve men the power to force all firms into twelve associations that can dissolve, amalgamate, or reconstruct any trade organization of employers or employees and create new ones. These men include Krupp von Bohlen of the famous Krupp works, Blohm, a member of the shipping firm that built the *Bremen*, Bruno Schueler, a big brewer who is in charge of all foodstuffs, and Albert Vogler, a director of Thyssen's steel concern. At the same time the budget for 1934–35 has allotted about 350 million dollars to the Reichswehr, as compared with 260 million dollars last year.

German imports during 1933 also indicate war-like tendencies. Imports of nickel and nickel ore have doubled, and imports of iron and iron ore have increased 30 per cent, while exports of iron products have declined 20 per cent. It need hardly be pointed out that Germany's military preparations do not hold a candle to the French, especially since the latter country has been arming steadily since the War. Meanwhile, the British, who have become increasingly friendly to Nazi Germany, hope that Hitler will keep the peace. The Conservative London *Spectator*, which has a distinct pacifistic flavor, has been running a series of articles by H. Powys Greenwood based on a long tour of investigation in Germany. Here are his concluding sentences:—

> In view of the fate of Hugenberg and of the distribution of real power, it is ridiculous to regard the Nazis as the hired lackeys of the capitalists; at any moment a word from Hitler can break any reactionary resistance. But Mr. Wickham Steed, for example, holds that Hitler is fundamentally reactionary, and reaction in the Third Reich might spell a victory for Spenglerian Prussianism.
>
> Personally, I cannot believe it. Even Hitler could scarcely falsify this great movement of the people in the interests of privileged classes, and the days when war could be waged to divert attention from social unrest are long past. But there is one possibility that should be squarely faced. If the German people are hemmed in and surrounded by an iron ring, whether camouflaged as a collective system or not, if their legitimate aspirations are thwarted and their tentative moves towards reconciliation with former enemies rejected, if their attempts to get into touch with other peoples—the British people above all—and evoke sympathetic understanding at least of some of their aims are met by a persistent barrage of uncomprehending criticism, the chance of influencing the still-young plant of National Socialism will be thrown away, and Germany may turn to the blatant gospel of force in her despair. A preventive war, which always seems to me the acme of defeatism, the action of men or nations who have no confidence in their future, would at any rate be more logical.

The facts enumerated at the outset of this note unfortunately cut some of Mr. Greenwood's ground out from under him, but his is the position that a good many Englishmen occupy to-day.

AT A TIME when distinctions are being drawn between Italian and

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German Fascism, complimentary to the former and derogatory to the latter, it may be of interest to refer to some official Italian statistics. To begin with, membership in employer and employee syndicates is not compulsory, but because every worker who needs a job must join a syndicate, 4,181,848 of the 6,772,599 employees in Italy are members of syndicates, whereas only 995,828 of the 3,707,893 Italian employers have joined. It is from the dues paid by syndicalist members that the Fascist State supports its bureaucracy, and in 1932 these compulsory contributions amounted to 272 million lire, or about 22½ million dollars, and the voluntary contributions yield at least as much more. But the workers enjoy few benefits. Only 37,000 of the 142,000 labor disputes that occurred during the first 10 months of 1932 came before the law courts; the rest were settled by the syndicates as the legal procedure takes from one to two years. Since 1927 wages in Italy have fallen steadily, and in 1932 the Secretary of State for Corporations wrote:—

> Between June, 1927, and December, 1928, the wages of industrial workers have gone down by about 20 per cent and a further reduction of 10 per cent was made in 1929; during 1930 there has been a general reduction, varying for the different categories of workers from 18 to 25 per cent. Many other 'adjustments' have been realized in 1931.

An official of the Fascist syndicates has stated that between 1927 and 1932 wages of glass workers declined between 30 and 40 per cent; signalmen's earnings dropped 40 per cent, silk workers' 38 per cent, and bricklayers' and miners' 30 per cent, while the cost of living dropped only 20 per cent. Employment in Italy began to decline in 1925 when there were 156,659 unemployed. By January, 1928, there were 439,000, by February 1932, 1,200,000, or about 20 per cent of all the working population. The unemployed receive a dole of about 25¢ a day, but, since this is not paid after a few months, only 264,000 of the 1,200,000 unemployed in February, 1932, received help from the Totalitarian State. It therefore does not appear that Fascism has increased the buying power of the Italian people.

AUSTRIA IS not the only scene of Franco-Italian conflict. Mussolini has recently announced that the past fifteen years have seen no improvement in the differences between the two countries in the field of colonial policy. French statesmen have always looked askance at the Oriental Academy that the Duce has founded in Rome, for, like the Kaiser before him, he has set himself up as the special protector of Mohammedans all over the world. Since the French make a specialty of coating their foreign policy with a thick layer of 'culture,' this manœuvre has aroused particular bitterness. The Paris correspondent of the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*

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has given a good idea of the way French officials feel about North Africa by securing an interview with a leading French statesman just back from that country, who preferred to conceal his identity. This man accused Italy of attempting to overthrow the present régime in Abyssinia and of organizing Fascist groups in Tunis to demand higher wages. The Italians have established Fascist schools there and are urging the Mohammedan natives in Morocco to turn Fascist, too. The interview concluded with these words:—

> Yet the Tunisian problem is the real centre of interest since it is indissolubly tied up for France with the whole question of North African security. There are also financial problems since large sums of French capital are invested in Tunis, whereas the Italians have provided almost nothing but labor power. Our capital investments are due to the need of French agriculture for Tunisian phosphates. Aside from this point, Tunis is of secondary economic significance to France since various Tunisian products compete with home products, especially wine and olive oil. If the Italian Government wants a definite settlement in Central Europe and North Africa, France is ready to enter into a diplomatic discussion of these enormously complex problems. It will then be discovered whether practical negotiations have any prospects of success.

THE CONDITION of Austria in the spring of 1934 bears many resemblances to that of Germany in the summer of 1932. Socialism has been completely liquidated, and a reactionary Roman-Catholic dictatorship is trying to forestall a still more reactionary National-Socialist dictatorship. Within six weeks after the fighting in Vienna ten thousand Austrians joined the Catholic Church, and the Dollfuss Government has been withholding both work and relief from those who refuse to join its Vaterländische (Patriotic) Front organization. But the corresponding struggle in Germany two years ago was a purely local affair, whereas in Austria Italy is supporting Dollfuss and Germany is backing the Nazis. Giselher Wirsing's article, 'Germany Looks at Europe,' naturally takes the victory of the Nazis for granted, and even the liberal *Manchester Guardian* has featured a series of articles by a special correspondent who comes to the same conclusion. According to this report, written on the spot, the Heimwehr troops include only the dregs of the population, and they are outnumbered many times over by both the Nazis and the Socialists. The latter, it appears, in spite of their defeat, have not lost hope. The fight they put up against overwhelming odds not only gave them a more militant tradition than the German Social Democrats have; it also proved that even the superior technical equipment that every modern state possesses by no means guarantees that order can be preserved in the teeth of widespread and determined opposition. But the *Manchester Guardian's* observer, like most other reporters, concludes that the Nazis have emerged as the real victors and that an overwhelming public de-

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mand, intensified by continued depression, will drive Austria into the arms of the Third Reich.

ALTHOUGH THE PROPHETS who foresaw a revolution in Spain during the month of March have been disappointed, the future of that country is likely to be decided outside parliament. In Catalonia the forces of the Left have come into power for four years, and this article in the Catalan Internal Statute that they have passed reveals their radicalism:—

> The exercise of property rights must be inspired by social interests. The riches of the country shall be subordinated to the general economy. The regional government may intervene in the exploitation and coördination of industries and of private business enterprises, while municipalities may engage in industrial and economic exploitation. Lay instruction shall predominate in the schools.

The conservative and Catholic parties that govern the whole country from Madrid do not, of course, subscribe to any such views, and the struggle between Left and Right may therefore become a sectional one. A correspondent of the *New Statesman and Nation* writes from Madrid that a victory of the Anarcho-syndicalists is a real possibility and indulges in the following speculations:—

> Let us consider for a moment this syndicalist state of their creation as a *fait accompli*. What is the result? Does it make any real difference? The answer is that it does make a very great difference. From being a more or less negligible factor on the European chessboard, Spain becomes of primary importance. On the east of Europe there has been for some seventeen years the established régime of Soviet Russia, the avowed enemy of capitalist culture, and now on the other side of the non-Soviet countries is the new Soviet ally, syndicalist Spain. At once the situation in Europe is altered. Capitalist Europe is called upon to defend itself against an opponent not merely on its eastern but on its southwestern front, too, as it was compelled to defend itself in the Middle Ages against the pressure of Islam through the gateway of Spain. Does such a contingency seem fanciful? So, before the October Revolution in 1917 did the Soviet experiment.

NOW THAT SOCIALISM has gone down to defeat in Germany and in Austria, Sweden has become the chief pride of the Second International. Writing in the Laborite *Daily Herald* of London just after returning from a tour through the Scandinavian countries, Hugh Dalton described the virtues of Sweden as follows:—

> The Bank of Sweden is a state bank with no private shareholders. Directors retire in rotation and are appointed by the parliament for a term of years. The profit or, as a Socialist would prefer to call it, the surplus of the state bank is paid direct into the Treasury, and all the secrets of the bank, including its hidden reserves, are disclosed in confidence to a parliamentary committee. The Swedish State also owns, in addition to the postal services, the main railways, a substantial

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part of the water-power resources, a number of electrical generating stations, large areas of forest, three big sawmills, and large reserves of iron ore, which will be developed in future years. The iron mines that are now being worked are owned partly by the State and partly by private shareholders.

The State draws a royalty on every ton of ore extracted, and, in addition, takes half the profits of the industry. There is a state tobacco monopoly, and the State controls all importation of alcohol and its manufacture in Sweden. Further extensions of state control over foreign trade, on the lines of our own proposals for import boards, are under consideration. State property and state enterprises normally bring in more than 20 per cent of the revenue of the Swedish Treasury, not counting the taxes on tobacco and alcohol. The value of the national assets is substantially greater than the amount of the national debt, a far sounder basis for public finance than most other countries can claim.

Significantly enough, the Conservative London *Times* also expresses great admiration for the Swedish system, whereas the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, sensing the trend toward Fascism in Austria, prints a dispatch from its Stockholm correspondent pointing out that the younger Swedish generation, especially in the middle classes, is turning Fascist. According to this observer, Swedish Socialism has attained its objectives and now occupies a defensive position since it has nothing more to offer. Youth, however, demanding change and novelty, is joining a National Youth movement. Meanwhile the Swedish Government forbids any private armies and admits that it is on guard against Fascist tendencies.

THE SECOND complete year of trade statistics on Manchukuo reveal several surprising results. As might have been expected, two-thirds of the imports of Manchukuo came from Japan, but the United States sold more goods there than all Europe put together. Germany, however, is by far the next largest buyer of Manchukuan products after Japan, and China is the next largest source of Manchukuan imports. The weekly Commercial Supplement of the British-owned *Japan Chronicle* published in Kobe comments sardonically on some of the items of trade:—

The value of Manchuria as a market for Japan's manufactures may be seen in the returns. The 'granary of Asia' absorbed during the year 31,113,000 yen of wheat flour, while its exports of wheat and wheat flour during the first nine months were 28,000 yen. Whatever else may be said, Manchukuo is hardly functioning yet as a 'life line.' Of aquatic products Manchukuo bought some 2,500,000 yen from Japan, of sugar eight million yen, and of alcoholic liquors five million. Explosives also mounted to a very respectable figure. Of Japanese cotton yarns Manchuria took nearly four million yen's worth, and of cotton cloth 40 million yen's worth, while silk and imitation silk made the modest total of four million yen—Manchuria not being a place for luxurious living.

The same editorial goes on to point out the kind of 'life line' that Manchukuo is becoming for Japan:—

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> While Japan sold over 303 million yen of merchandise to Manchuria during 1933, her imports thence were only 168 millions, leaving a balance of trade so well on the right side that Japan has no reason to regret the illusory character of the 'life line.' Indeed, it may be held that this justifies the term, because, as things go in this queer world of ours, money is regarded as being far more important than the goods of which it is a means of facilitating the barter. And there is no respect in which the new relationship with Manchuria gives more satisfaction than in this favorable balance of trade. The biggest purchases from Manchuria were 38 million yen in soja beans and 33 million yen in bean cake. There was also an import of other beans and seeds amounting to 18 million yen. A line of growing importance in food imports is beef, but so far Manchuria has only risen to supplying one-third of the quantity obtained from Shantung.

KOJIRO MATSUKATA, who negotiated a large contract for Japan to purchase petroleum from the Soviet Union, has written an article urging the storage of enough oil in Japan to last that nation an entire year:—

> All petroleum firms in Japan, no matter what their nationality, should be compelled by law to keep in stock as much oil as they import in a year, in order to meet possible emergent needs. But continuous storage of such a quantity will result in unduly heavy burdens upon the importers unless the Government advances the initial outlay at low interest rates, as the plan involves heavy costs not only for the fuel itself but also for the construction of storage equipment. It will not be necessary to make such advances to foreign importers because they can take advantage of the lower interest rates prevailing in their own countries.

This means that Japanese petroleum firms would receive about 3 per cent interest a year from their Government whereas foreign firms would borrow abroad in order to pay for the oil that they were storing in Japan. Furthermore, if British and American petroleum companies, from which the Japanese have made most of their purchases in the past, did not agree to such an arrangement, still more oil would be bought from Russia. For Mr. Matsukata has stated quite frankly that he made his deal with the Soviet to show his country's independence of England and the United States, and he has also urged more exploitation of Manchurian and Japanese oil reserves. There is some petroleum in Japan itself, and Manchurian shale can be made to yield oil if Japan is shut off from other sources of supply. In 1931 Japan consumed about 2 million tons of oil, 80 per cent of which came from America and 10 per cent from England. It is estimated that the reserves in Sakhalin, the northernmost island of the Japanese archipelago, amount to 10 million tons.

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THE LIVING AGE commemorates ninety years of uninterrupted publication by reproducing from its earlier issues material that remains timely as ever.

NINETY Years On

AN HISTORICAL SURVEY

FOREWORD

By THE EDITOR

ELIAKIM LITTELL published the first issue of THE LIVING AGE in Boston on May 11, 1844. Nine years later the *New York Times* exclaimed, 'The veteran Littell!

> Age cannot wither nor custom stale
> His infinite variety.'

To-day THE LIVING AGE is not only a veteran in its own right, it has remained throughout ninety years of unbroken publication consistent to the policy laid down by its founder of translating and reprinting complete articles from the foreign press.

Mr. Littell edited the magazine from 1844 until his death in 1870. His son, Robert S. Littell, then replaced the father in the editorial chair until he too died in 1896 when the magazine passed into the control of Frank Foxcroft who became both publisher and editor, dropping the name 'Littell's' from the title but adhering to the same policy that both the founder and his son had followed for more than half a century. In 1919 the Atlantic Monthly Company purchased THE LIVING AGE, and Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the *Atlantic* and president of the company, edited both magazines for a few months. But he soon replaced himself with Henry Beston who, in turn, was succeeded a few months later by Dr. Victor S. Clark. It was under Dr. Clark's editorship between 1920 and 1928 that THE LIVING AGE extended its field to include translations from South America and the Far East as well as from all parts of Europe. In October, 1925, after eighty-one years of weekly publication, THE LIVING AGE became a semi-monthly.

Three years later, in April, 1928, an independent corporation in New York City headed by Archibald R. Watson purchased THE LIVING AGE,

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and in September of that year the magazine appeared in a new and enlarged format as an illustrated monthly edited by John Bakeless, a former assistant of Dr. Clark's. But a year later it reverted to semi-monthly publication in a smaller format without illustrations under the editorship of Quincy Howe, also a former collaborator of Dr. Clark's. In September, 1930, THE LIVING AGE appeared in its present monthly format under the same editorship and management. These have remained in control ever since.

Even more remarkable than the longevity of THE LIVING AGE and the perennial freshness of its original policy is the similarity between its contents to-day and ninety years ago. In reproducing material from some of our early issues we had originally intended merely to give our readers a sense of the magazine's history and its place as a national institution. But on going through our back issues we were astonished to find how closely their contents resembled our contents to-day, especially in the political, social, and economic fields. Great literature, they say, is timeless, but the writings of Carlyle, Dickens, Trollope, Ruskin, and Thackeray that we have unearthed seem to 'date' much more definitely than the essays on the 'New World,' 'Movable Morals,' 'Money,' and 'China'—all of which might almost have been written yesterday. We therefore commend these gleanings from our files as possessing a very actual significance in that they indicate many unexpected resemblances between the 'unprecedented' problems of our own time and the problems of our grandfathers. More than once in recent years THE LIVING AGE has anticipated the trend of events. We believe that in this issue, too, the discerning reader may be able by casting his eyes back to the past as it was portrayed in our columns to make some shrewd guesses as to what the future may hold.

PROSPECTUS

By E. LITTELL

Issue of May 11, 1844

THIS work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's *Museum of Foreign Literature*, which was favorably received by the public for twenty years, but, as it is twice as large and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things that were excluded by a month's delay but, while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly* and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer;* these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service* and with the best articles of

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the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch;* and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of the *Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians with all parts of the world, so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization (which is extending over the whole world), and Voyages and Travels will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make THE LIVING AGE desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement,—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians, to men of business and men of leisure,—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that by 'winnowing the wheat from the chaff,' by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages, and Travels, History, and more solid matter we may produce a work that will be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

ELIAKIM LITTELL

Issue of June 18, 1870

MR. LITTELL was born January 2, 1797, in Burlington, New Jersey, of which state his ancestors on both sides were among the very earliest settlers. His paternal grandfather, from whom he derived his name, was a patriotic and active partisan officer in the Revolutionary War.

Mr. Littell's career in the world of letters commenced in Philadelphia as a general publisher, but his interest and attention very soon became concentrated upon periodical literature. In 1819 he began to publish and edit the *National Recorder*, a weekly journal that was afterward changed to the *Saturday Magazine* and finally merged in the *Museum of Foreign Literature and Science*. The last was a monthly publication and included nearly everything that was really worthy of repro-

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duction in the periodical literature of Great Britain. For twenty-one years it had a brilliant reputation and held the foremost rank among publications of a similar character in this country. It was afterward united for a short time with another publication, under the name of the *Eclectic Museum of Foreign Literature*, and published in New York.

In 1844 he removed to Boston, where, under the cordial approval and encouragement of Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, Mr. Prescott, John Quincy Adams, and other leading men of taste and judgment, he entered upon the editorship and publication of THE LIVING AGE, a magazine of wider scope in literature and science than any he had previously conducted. To those who have been familiar with its pages it is scarcely necessary to speak of its merits. Dr. Allibone, in his *Dictionary of Authors*, observes that 'few men have labored so long and so successfully in the great cause of public education, and few, therefore, are so well entitled to the gratitude of their countrymen as the subject of this notice. Many of them owe to him their first introduction to the great minds of the past half-century, the commencement of that profitable acquaintance that has soothed the pangs of sorrow, and dispelled the gloomy shades of care, and made them wiser and better, happier and more contented men.'

In early life Mr. Littell's great mental activity and industry were manifested in the projection of several other periodicals than those already named, which, though not pecuniarily successful, were always edited with ability and with the same earnest endeavor to refine and elevate the popular taste and character. Never was there a more truly public-spirited man, in the highest sense of the term. His wish to do good was shown equally in his boundless private benevolence and in his consistent preference of usefulness to profit in his business undertakings.

During the late war Mr. Littell upheld the national cause earnestly and hopefully. At this crisis he made a number of important contributions to the discussion of difficult financial problems, and his opinions on the currency, taxation, and questions of finance were often sought by statesmen and men high in office. He was the author of the scheme of revenue reform known as the 'Compromise Tariff,' which was adopted and carried through Congress by Mr. Clay, during the administration of President Jackson. It is an evidence of Mr. Littell's modesty that this fact was not known to some of his most intimate friends until after his death.

He had from early youth an intense thirst for knowledge and diligently availed himself of every opportunity to gratify this taste. Few persons possessed a more thorough knowledge of English literature. In the older writers his reading had been extensive and varied, and his occupations were such as to facilitate his acquaintance with authors of more recent date. He wrote fluently and gracefully both in prose and verse, and his letters were remarkable for an aptness of expression, an ease and sprightliness that will not be forgotten by those who enjoyed the privilege of correspondence with him.

Mr. Littell's domestic and social character will be ever lovingly remembered by those who knew him well.

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The tenderness of his family affections, the fidelity and disinterestedness of his friendships, his genial manner and gentle courtesy to all with whom he came in contact, the pleasant wit and mirthful fancy that age had not withered and that lent such a charm to his conversation, and the sincerity and truth that were impressed upon all his acts and opinions will live in the memory of his family and friends. His religious convictions were earnest and abiding, and his life and character were moulded and guided by them. He died in the communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church, to which he had been long and ardently attached, with vigor of mind unabated, sustained by a reasonable, religious, and holy hope; at peace with God and in perfect charity with all men.

The New World

Issue of June 29, 1844

From the *Church of England Review*

LET us take a glance at the present state of things in nations. All that *is* is linked to what has gone by, in some way or other; but there are seemingly peculiar eras in which the history of man takes a new turn and the life of nations receives a fresh impetus. The conquest of Carthage by the Romans, the invasion by the Barbarians of the Roman Empire, the spread of Mohammedanism, the Reformation are all illustrations of what we mean. An era has lately passed, however, equal in importance to any of them, one the effects of which are still traceable—we mean that of the French Revolution.

Those who have lived during the great events that distinguished the closing years of the last and the first part of the present century cannot fail to have observed a wonderful difference from all that took place before. Often have revolutions occurred, grievous wars were fought through, arts and sciences spread, but in no case with the same character and force as since 1789. After that men saw a nation denying the existence of God and worshiping what they called the 'goddess of reason' in the form of an abandoned woman—a fit type of the debasement to which they had reduced the godlike within them. Then men saw nation rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, so that since that period every country in Europe—all of importance, either in Asia or America, and a large proportion of the best known parts in Africa—has been engaged in war. Armies, unequaled either in ancient or modern times for the union of discipline, power, and numbers, have encountered one another in shock of battle; one gigantic evil power has been seen to arise, attempting to crush the liberties and national life of all Europe, till the armies of Heaven, through Russia and England, interfered to check her course, and France in her pride and power was humbled, was broken, losing in the contest 3,700,000 men.

It is but a few months since an empire, which had been closed for thousands of years to all other nations, was compelled by our arms—exercised, as they were, unwillingly against her—to open its harbors to the world, and China is being brought into the circle of the family of nations. A vast empire has been formed by us in India, almost in spite of ourselves, and the links thus forged between Europe and Asia have been drawn still closer by the shortening to one month of the

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voyage that formerly occupied nearly half a year.

But a few weeks ago an ukase of the Emperor of Russia was issued, compelling all the Jews resident on the frontiers of his vast empire, to the amount of 500,000 persons, to move some hundreds of miles inland—a movement that we cannot speak of but as a cruel one, yet a movement that probably is connected with other plans and other destinies for the outcast children of Israel than have entered the thoughts of Nicholas. We know that they are lifting up their heads in expectation of their coming redemption, and it is not presumption to hope that this is one step toward that great end. But a few years back Baron Rothschild of Vienna was urged, we have been told, to purchase Palestine for his countrymen. 'The land is ours,' said he in reply. 'Wherefore should I purchase it?' He knew that the work of the restoration of his countrymen was one that the Lord had reserved for himself to accomplish, and he was content to bide the time.

During this age, above all others, the prophecy that 'many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased' has been fulfilled. It is sufficient, for the present, to observe that ours is the age of the steam engine, and of the railway, and of those various applications of artistic skill that render imperative a solution of the problem how machinery may work for, and not against, the poor man—a problem that is pressing itself upon the thinking and the lover of his brethren with tremendous force and to which an answer will be found either in letters of blood and fire (which God avert) or by a wise and healthy system of associative policy.

At present the struggle is between individualism and universality, but the general tendency is toward the latter. It has come in upon us like an aggressor, breaking up the old boundaries of time and space, concentrating the energies of thousands,—where formerly, if solitary and unassisted effort failed, the object desired would have been let alone,—and calling also upon us to contemplate those relations of spirit—that hidden life of soul that connects each man with all men, each church with the whole church, and time present with time past and future. Universalism is the animus of the age. All things may be divided into three parts—what is physical, or outward and seen by the senses; what is intellectual, that is, related to the understanding and higher power of the reason; and what is spiritual, or belonging to the will, the affections, and the reason, the conscience and the imagination. In each of these three divisions of things men are aiming at universalism, or what relates to and affects the world as a whole, and not as composed of parts and units only.

In the outward, the physical sphere of things, we see machinery giving man a mastery over space and time that would have seemed a dream to ourselves twenty years ago, connecting town with town, country with country, and continent with continent in so wonderful a manner as to render the expectation no longer extravagant that even the air itself will ultimately form a roadway for the intercourse of man with man. We all know pretty well what mechanical power can effect and how it is introducing itself everywhere and into everything, but the following extract, which appears on the title-page of a treatise on a new

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application of mechanics, is probably new to most of our readers. We shall give it without a word, either for or against its practicability. What has been done in mechanics and man's knowledge of the tremendous power resident in substances seemingly most simple and innocent prevent a negative. Our only reason for alluding to it is that it affords a fair illustration of the tendency of men in this day to universalism in the region of physical nature. The extract is as follows:—

'*The New World, or Mechanical System.* To perform the labors of man and beast by inanimate powers that cost nothing for producing and preparing the substances of life. With plates. By J. A. Etzler, as a sequel to his *Paradise.* It is here proved from experience how to cultivate twenty thousand acres by one machine and three or four men with a capital of less than one dollar per acre, in the most superior mode; how to clear land from trees, stumps, roots, and stones; fill and drain swamps, make dams, canals, ditches, roads, and perform any kind of work in the ground; build houses and furnish as much inanimate power as desired, for any place and any stationary machine—all by the same system.'

There are prospectuses, also, by the same inventor for the construction of what he calls the naval automaton, which by the action of the winds and waves on machinery will furnish, it is asserted, a locomotive power equal to that of thirty-six thousand horses and will make the voyage from Europe to America in three or four days—successful trips have been made, we believe, off Margate with the model of one of these genii of navigation. Such pretensions as these are almost stunning and—addressing, as they do, our imaginations through the medium of the senses—assume an all-absorbing prominence.

Movable Morals

Issue of April 8, 1871
From the *Pall Mall Gazette*

IT IS worth considering whether it would not be as well to reconstruct the code of morals taught in the schoolroom into something more in accordance with what the pupils will find practised in the world when they enter it. It seems so much time lost in misdirection to teach them that patriotism, self-sacrifice, persistent endeavor against heavy odds, truth, and simplicity are qualities to be admired, when they will find themselves ridiculed and probably ruined if they put them into action. Speak of these things in the past, and they are virtues that crowned men with glory; practise them in the present, and they are follies, if not worse, that cover them with shame.

Take certain of the heroes and patriots of old, those men of far-off history who organized a hopeless resistance against an impregnable despotism and died gallantly in the attempt: they are quoted for admiration, and the after-advantages of what was at the time a foredoomed endeavor are elaborately proved. But when men at the present day do substantially the same thing, they are incendiaries or self-seekers, fanatics or fools, and our young students of comparative history find that to be a Greek or a Roman changes the significance of patriotic or political action and that a hero in a toga is a very

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different thing from a commissioner in a frock-coat. So when men and women went to the stake rather than deny the truth that was in them, we hear much about the blood of the martyrs being the seed of the Church and of the gratitude that we owe to those who devoted themselves for the gain of our spiritual liberty. But if one among ourselves goes a step beyond those liberties he is bowled over with no more mercy than his predecessors, and we think him an undoubted fool for troubling his own conscience and his hearers over what is settled and done with. For a mediæval Huss to preach against the bondage of the Church and to die for the right of spiritual freedom is one thing; for a clergyman of the Establishment to expand received formulas is another: and though we do not burn our modern Husses we punish them in another way and hang them on their own ropes.

Then we hear grand things about simplicity, how Cincinnatus went back to his plough and how the Lacedemonians ate black broth and so on, but in the world we find that luxury is an essential part of a man's credentials and that those who cannot make a good show need not look for the suffrages of society. Perhaps no one has been helped more frequently to ridicule than the modern Cincinnatus, Garibaldi, whose finest virtues fail to impress those on whom not his smallest foibles pass unnoted.

All for love, too, is a moral archaism utterly out of place at the present time, and not the best man but the longest purse carries the day with maidens as with mammas. What would all for love do with the world lost, as it would be? What would an honest man's affection count, in comparison with the opera box and the pair of bays, the town mansion and the country place? All for love in modern thought means a few months' rapture in a fool's paradise and a life of repining as the bill to be paid for the enjoyment. And, looked at in this light, a balance at the bankers is more to the purpose than that stirring of the senses the rash young call love.

For self-respect, too, substitute what will pay. What enthusiast used to talk of *noblesse oblige?* Nobility has now no more duties than have the common folk. To get a shilling's-worth for elevenpence three-farthings, to traffic in jobs, and not to be squeamish about that bucket of pitch at the side are modes of action not by any means foreign to our modern representatives of Sir Galahad and the Chevalier Bayard. In fact, the morals of the day mean simply success and what will pay. All that we have learned about righteousness for righteousness' sake, about abstract virtue, self-respect, and the thing that is good in the sight of God and our own souls before all else is simple moonshine, so far as its translation into active life is concerned—morals that won't wash, that don't pay, and that will land one on the lowest step instead of the topmost round, if persisted in.

If your country is invaded, cry *peccavi* and knuckle under before striking a blow or proving your comparative weakness. If the mass of the community are basely indifferent to national integrity, respect their cowardice rather than urge them on to the fight for honor's sake and make the braver minority to pass under the harrow rather than stimulate the backward to a common self-defense. If your soul is tormented with doubts,

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bury them in the basket of loaves and fishes and do not quarrel with your bread and butter because you are not certain of the genuineness of the dairy.

What is truth? A phantom, a mere matter of relative proportion; and it is better to preach—well, what you are not quite sure of—than unsettle the faith of simple folk. The idea of sacrificing a comfortable position for what you are pleased to term conscience, honesty, honor is too absurd; moreover, you cannot prove your position, and, really, one vagueness is quite as good as another. Absolute martyrdom is rococo, and we have done our best to make our mild version of it ridiculous. There is no doubt, however, about one thing, which is that morals are, as we say, movable, that words have lost their old significance and things their former value, that virtue counts for nothing, and success and what will pay for all.

The aspirations of men that do not lead to present immediate good are so much wasted force; and the present penny is of more value in our eyes than the future pound. No one works for posterity, or for sake of the best, irrespective of success. Just as the modern landowner plants larch rather than oak because of its quicker growth and consequent earlier returns, so do we care for the qualities that bring us immediate personal reward, and especially for common sense, that much-misused euphemism by which we mean servility, acquiescence in dishonor, if it pays, self-aggrandizement, by shady means if necessary, but self-aggrandizement at all events, and the abnegation of all those generous impulses that would lead to the damage of body or estate for the mere sake of upholding a principle.

Yankee Meditations on European War

Issue of November 23, 1844
From the *Spectator*

IF ANYTHING can abate the war mania that has taken possession of certain journalists on both sides of the Channel, it will be the following cool calculations, which we copy from an American newspaper of some reputation:—

'A general European war, or even a war between England and France alone, would be advantageous to this country, provided we took good care not to be entangled in it. It is to be presumed that the belligerents would direct their efforts mainly to the destruction each of the other's commerce. Cruisers and privateers would swoop upon the merchant-ships of France and England, and this would throw the carrying trade of both, or at least a very considerable portion of it, into our hands. The agriculture and manufactures of both nations would suffer reduction—necessarily followed by a greatly increased consumption of our agricultural products and the opening of new markets to our manufactures. Such an impulse would be given to our industry in every department of its exercise as we have not known for many years—exceeding even that imparted to it by the tariff of 1842.'

Nothing cools bullies so much as to find their vaporing laughed at instead of being admired. And nothing can be more ridiculous than two countries provoking each other to war while a third stands by, calculating how much it is to gain by their quarrel—except, indeed, the two dunghill cocks com-

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memorated by Meg Dods, whose battle was watched with such eager interest by Dr. Redgill in the expectation that the carcass of the one that fell would be rendered more tender by the excitement of the fight. We leave it to the decision of Lord Palmerston's organ whether it is likely to add to the dignity of England or France to begin pecking and cuffing each other in order that the United States may grow rich by taking up those lucrative pursuits that we relinquish to indulge in that amiable amusement. The remarks of the Yankee editor do, it must be confessed, resemble the cogitations of one of those honest gentlemen who have been known to offer their services to hold the coats of pugilists and make off with them in the heat of the fray. This, however, may be forgiven him if the mental absence he has shown in thinking aloud shall have the effect of making our game-cocks of the press ashamed of their crowing.

[*How deep must be the prejudice—just or unjust—that so far infects even the honest and sagacious 'Spectator,' as to cause it to see any* dishonesty *in the anticipations of the American editor.*—E. LITTELL.]

BULWER-LYTTON ON AMERICA

Issue of November 9, 1861
From the *Economist*

THAT separation between the North and the South in America, which is now being brought about by civil war, I have long foreseen and foretold to be inevitable, and I venture to predict that the younger men here present will live to see not two but at least four, and probably more than four, separate and sovereign commonwealths arising out of those populations that a year ago united their legislature under one president and carried their merchandise under a single flag. And, so far from thinking that these separations will be injurious to the future destinies of America or inflict a blow on that grand principle of self-government in which the substance of liberty consists, I believe that such separations will be attended with happy results to the safety of Europe and the development of American civilization.

If it could have been possible that, as population and wealth increased, all the vast continent of America with her mighty seaboard and the fleets that her increasing ambition as well as her extending commerce would have formed and armed could have remained under one form of government in which the executive has little or no control over a populace exceedingly adventurous and excitable, why, then, America would have hung over Europe like a gathering and destructive thunder-cloud. No single kingdom in Europe could have been strong enough to maintain itself against a nation that had once consolidated the gigantic resources of a quarter of the globe. And this unwieldy extent of empire would have been as fatal to the permanent safety and development of America herself—as the experience of all history tells us, an empire too vast to maintain the healthy circulation of its own lifeblood ever has been, since the world began, to the races over which it spread. By their own weight the old colossal empires of the East fell to ruin. It was by her own vast extent of dominion that Rome first lost her liberties, under

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the very armies that that extent of dominion compelled her to maintain, and finally rendered up her dominion itself to the revenge of the barbarians she had invaded. The immense monarchy founded by the genius of Charlemagne fell to pieces soon after his death, and those pieces are now the kingdoms of Europe.

But neither the empires of the East, nor the commonwealth of Rome, nor the monarchy of Charlemagne could compare in extent and resources with the continent of America, and you will remember that the United States claimed a right to the whole of that continent, and the ultimate fate of America under one feeble executive —the feeblest executive perhaps ever known in a civilized community— would have been no exception to the truths of history and the laws of nature. But in proportion as America shall become subdivided into different states, each of which is large enough for greatness,—larger than a European kingdom,—her ambition will be less formidable to the rest of the world, and I do not doubt that the action of emulation and rivalry between one free state and another, speaking the same language and enjoying that educated culture that inspires an affection for all that enlightens and exalts humanity, will produce the same effects upon art, and commerce, and the improvements in practical government that the same kind of competition produced in the old commonwealths of Greece.

Heaven grant that my convictions may not be erroneous. I am not, then, one of those who say that the impending separation of the American states proves the failure of her experiment of democracy. Any other form of government would have equally failed in keeping together sections of a community so geographically cast, with interests antagonistic to each other. When we see liberty and law alike suspended in the moment of danger, printing-presses destroyed by an unresisted mob, or the opinions of public writers stifled by a democratic government, when we see an American president so bewildered by his own armies, or so despairing of the skill of his own generals that he offers to the Italian Garibaldi the command of American patriots, I think, without vanity, we may say that in those acts of good government that can preserve freedom in the hour of danger and enable a nation to right itself by the brains and the hearts of its own children, America has more to learn from England than England to learn from America.

China

Issue of April 26, 1845
From the *Spectator*

THE government of China is one of those that exist in virtue of doing nothing and because men are accustomed to it. It is a government upon paper: its officers do not attempt to check or punish crimes—they only write essays against them.

Toward the end of 1843, the child of a widow in the Canton district was stolen by a band of robbers and held to ransom: the poor woman could not raise the sum demanded, and the robbers roasted the child alive. The governor of the province hereupon issued a proclamation, intimating (what was too well known already) that there were numerous bands of

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robbers in the district and exhorting the people 'to contrive plans for capturing them and bringing them to justice.' The proclamation also stated that by this means 'the number of these bandits will be daily lessened and that of well-behaved people increased; the manners and habits of the populace will undergo a renovating change.' But not a word was said of any active steps about to be taken for the arrest of the kidnappers. The same fashion of publishing a lay sermon or moral essay, instead of sending policemen to arrest offenders, prevails at Peking. Robberies and murders are perpetrated as openly in the province of Pechihli, in which the capital is, and in the neighboring provinces of Liaotung and Shantung as in that of Canton and encountered in like manner—by proclamations.

There is a great amount of political insubordination as well as general lawlessness in China. In Liaotung, the Manchu province nearest Peking on the east, Chinese immigrants are occupying large districts in defiance of the prohibitions of government. In Koko-undur, the Mongol province immediately adjoining the western termination of the north frontier of the 'central flower,' the predatory tribes threaten to invade the neighboring province, and the Chinese Government has not better means of repelling them than by bribing one-half of them to fight against the other. In Dzungaria and Turkestan, the provinces lying between Siberia and Tibet, no taxes are paid. In Formosa, the islanders have rebelled and were still in arms against the Mandarins at the date of the last news. In the mountains northwest of the province of Canton, there is a numerous and hardy race that has never acknowledged the imperial sovereignty.

In a country where rebellion and robbery have become chronic diseases, where the forms of government exist everywhere and its power is felt nowhere, habit may give permanence to such an imaginary constitution, so long as no impulse is received from without. But the slightest contact with foreign influences must shake it to the foundation. That contact has taken place. England has contracted one commercial treaty with China; the United States another, in which some more favorable articles have been introduced; the French have a mission in China, which is claiming, with a good deal of bluster, more respectful treatment than was experienced by the American envoy. The French, American, and English traders in the waters of China are animated by their full share of national jealousy. The British settlement at Hong Kong is an eyesore to the others; France and the United States will aspire to have their islands or their settlements on the main also.

The hatred of foreigners entertained by the rabble and the powerlessness of the officers of the law have already given rise to repeated attacks upon the European and American traders at Canton; an unprovoked assault has been made upon some English gentlemen at Fowchow. When it is the cue of any American or European government to pick a quarrel with the Chinese as a pretext for occupying a part of the imperial territory, a substantial grievance is not likely to be long wanting. And who can doubt that such a territorial acquisition by any one state would stimulate all the rest to hasten to anticipate each other in appropri-

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ating part of the spoil? France has only to place du Petit-Thouars on the Chinese station in order to recommence in China the game of hostilities between the European factions and intrigues with the local native governors, which in India has terminated by leaving almost the whole of the peninsula on our hands.

Money

Issue of November 6, 1875
From *Blackwood's Magazine*

IT IS singular that no psychologist has yet attempted to determine the exact nature of the relationship between mankind and money. Of all the ties that cramp us, of all the bonds that embarrass our free will, of all the passions that choke the liberty of our aspirations, the lust for money is manifestly the most enslaving; but still no thinker has endeavored, thus far, to analyze the manner of its action, to calculate the limits of its power, to investigate the precise import of its laws.

The 'experimental evidence' that modern science calls for as the starting-point of its inductions exists on the subject in limitless abundance; the facts stand out before us in glaring clearness; but the philosopher who is to work them into a system has not appeared. Money is to some few amongst us a mere useful tool; to many more it is a ruthless taskmaster; to all it is a necessity; but to no one does it present the character that must necessarily be assigned to it some day —of a measured universal force. There is an enormous gap here: the coming generation may see it filled, perhaps, but we of this day can only gaze at the hole and say, 'How big it is!' However, as we are now standing on its edge, we may as well kick a few stones into it in order to see how far they will roll.

The material elements of the question are even more evident than its moral conditions, for a good many people have some of them in their pockets, and yet we know but little of their annals and adventures. It was said in France, in 1854, when the Russian war began, that scarcely anybody was quite certain where Crimea was and that the majority of the French people, even in the educated classes, confounded it with Morea and Korea and thought that all of them might be somewhere in the Pacific or on the west coast of Africa.

Our own notions about the history and the science of money are, pretty generally, of this vague kind, but, really, our ignorance of them deserves some pardon, for of all the repellent books that men and women can attempt to study there are none more odiously unpleasing than those treating of money. Economists and cambists are useful people in their way, but they manage to make their way so outrageously unattractive that nobody ever follows it from joy or love. Instead of lending a new charm to a subject that is so generally seductive, they absolutely contrive to strip it of its inherent fascination and to render it as ugly and as stupid as rain.

There is nowhere a more flagrant example of a misuse of a great occasion. They discuss an all-alluring question,—a question that goes to the bottom of almost every heart, on which readers, no matter of what age or latitude, are eager to be fervid,—and yet they handle it in such a fashion

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that they choke off enthusiasm, swamp zeal, and stifle ardor. Their books are like November fogs—inevitable, but choking, blinding, and depressing. They tell us absolutely nothing of what we are curious to know and scarcely anything that the mass of us can understand. They talk to us about exchanges, and mint prices, and gold standards, and double valuation, and all the mysteries of bank parlors. But, outside the City, these explanations have no meaning and no enticement; they hold no place in circulating libraries; they simply make the public shudder slightly and force it, in spite of its natural sympathies, to murmur, 'Horrid money.' And this is not the whole sum of their offending, for even on the arid points that they do discuss they lead us into mazes of uncertainty and add confusion to our ignorance.

Russian Commune

By D. Mackenzie Wallace

Issue of July 15, 1876
From *Macmillan's Magazine*

THE Russian *mir*, or village commune, has in recent years acquired considerable notoriety in western Europe. Historical investigators have discovered in it a remnant of primitive Indo-European institutions, and a certain school of social philosophers point to it as an ideal toward which we must strive if we would solve successfully the agrarian difficulties of the present and the future. '*C'est une institution*,' said the usually cool-headed Cavour on hearing it described, '*qui est destinée à faire le tour du monde*.' Political economists, on the contrary,—especially those of the good old orthodox school,—condemn it as a remnant of barbarism and as an obstacle to free individual action and untrammeled economic development.

In the opinion that the mir is an institution that will one day be introduced into other countries—*destinée à faire le tour du monde*, as Cavour phrased it—I cannot concur. It is a useful institution where it has been preserved, but it is incapable of being transplanted to a foreign soil. Even those who maintain that the ultimate solution of those agrarian difficulties that we may erelong have to face is to be found in the principle of agricultural coöperative association, must admit that the mir is a rude, primitive instrument for the exercise of coöperative effort. In this, as in all other social questions, each nation must work out for itself a solution in accordance with its social organization and with the traditions, the habits, and the spirit of the people. Russia has, however, in preserving her communal institutions perhaps stolen a march on western Europe, for with the commune as a basis voluntary agricultural or industrial associations may easily be created.

Men for the Times

Issue of July 29, 1848
From the *Spectator*

IT IS not a constitution, so much as a man, that is wanted in France. The national assembly takes its time about a constitution, but the slightest glimpse of a man equal to the times is hailed with exuberant delight. M. de Lamartine, who could fold his arms before an enraged multitude and improvise

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finished little orations to any sort of deputation—from the patriots of Italy to the pork butchers of Paris—was seized upon as national property and hastily counted among the great. M. Clément Thomas draws his sword with promptitude and vigor, and he is hurried to the command of the National Guard. Still there wants a man—the man who can be perfectly 'master of the situation.'

All sorts of persons offer themselves, royalties legitimate and illegitimate, old officers, statesmen out of place, and 'gents' of every description; every man of the Bonaparte family has hopes, and Prince Louis Napoleon goes back to France as the moth goes back to the candle. All these persons 'want situations'; but not one of them is master of the situation. The most that the Brummagem Napoleon can do is to raise a little passing trouble—unless, indeed, among his great works be counted his having evoked a new man. The coming of the Napoleon created some undue alarm for the republic until the terse and energetic words of General Cavaignac restored confidence to the assembly. They did more; the assembly not only felt assured against being swallowed up by the Napoleon but also hastened to the delightful conclusion that at last it had found a man.

Perhaps it may be so. General Cavaignac has not the worse chance as a statesman for having been familiar with the sword. France has had enough of literary statesmen. M. Guizot's departure is not regretted; M. Thiers's return is not welcomed. It is not critics that France wants, or commentators.

There is scarcely a land in Europe where the same urgent want is not felt—the want of a man. Prussia, hesitating between King Frederick William and King Maximilian, is scarcely a more humbling spectacle for the nations than England hesitating between Lord John Russell and Lord George Bentinck. The art of statesmanship seems almost defunct in western Europe, or degenerated into the mere trick of bureaucracy. A competent knowledge of clerkship—'the diplomatic art of keeping office.'

There are reasons for this degeneracy. One is the excessive complication of public affairs with that division of employments that has ensued on the growth of commercial ideas. Till a very recent period the great statesmen have been men of action as well as men of council; and often, too, they have been among the leading minds of their country—have belonged to that class that is now represented by the literary class. Our extreme subdivision of employments has separated our men of council from our men of thought and our men of action, a division that is by no means an unmixed advantage.

If you scamper over the names of the greatest statesmen,—those who have wielded the destinies of kingdoms or founded empires,—such men as Solomon, Lycurgus, Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Machiavelli, Alfred the Great, Cromwell, Leopold of Austria, Washington, Bonaparte, you will find men of council who have mostly been familiar with the sword or in habits of closest intimacy with warriors and practically acquainted with military affairs, and you will find that almost all of them—all, perhaps, of the greatest—have been men of books, if not familiar with the pen. Great statesmen to the most

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recent times have been men who brought to the practical conduct of affairs habits of philosophic study, however bold and rapid, and habits also of vindicating their purpose by the roughest means. They were men who brought into the office some theory from the closet and, from the field, a hand strengthened in the bending of other wills by the exercise of the sword—a head to shape and a hand to force.

We feel the effect of the later subdivision in what seems the impossibility among our statesmen of grasping the affairs of the nation as a whole and of enforcing their own determination. It seems as though our statesmen could only contemplate parts of public affairs, departmental business: their minds are mechanized to a routine, they cannot escape from technical usage, they are incapable of taking up a subject from its beginning, and they cannot carry it out to the end. They can make speeches, and they can introduce bills, but they have so far forgotten the real art of statesmanship that they affect to repudiate books and the sword of power.

We have among us, indeed, one statesman who has been a man of action, and he is a man of personal influence, but from the want of that warmth of intellectual temperament that is called enthusiasm it so happens that he is a man incapable of imparting his own emotions to others. He remains a fact; the estimation in which he is held induces many to follow him on specific measures, and he has been known to hold a pocketful of 'proxies'; but he has no effect in changing the emotions or creating the opinions of any class of statesmen around him.

We have another who cannot be said to be a man of action, who is not given to abstract studies, and who for those reasons probably did not awaken until a late period in his career to a sense of his own power. He has done a good portion of work—more than his own share as it might be allotted among living men, but he is the only specimen among us of the statesman trained in the conduct of affairs who brings to them official habits, broad historical views, and the will to act. We have no other.

Perhaps it is Italy in which there is the greatest promise of men equal to the times; and there we observe, too, that by the concurrences of various fortunate circumstances the statesmen are men of action and men of cultivated mind. The statesmen of Italy in 1848 may be painted, as so many statesmen were in other times, with a sword in one hand and a book in the other. The long peace, with its elaborately developed commerce, has brought us many blessings; we ought to be alive to some of its disadvantages.

A Glance at the State of Europe

Issue of August 26, 1848
From the *Examiner*

THE peculiar characteristic of the political fermentation that at present pervades nearly the whole of civilized Europe is the simultaneous development of its democratic and national elements. While most of its states are involved in an internal struggle for the extension of political rights, most of its races are engaged in an external struggle for the recognition of their several independences. Europe was

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never so stirred before—certainly not by the Reformation and hardly even by the invasions of the northern nations. A reaction is at once raging against the arbitrary distribution of political power maintained by its governments and against the arbitrary, unjust, and unnatural territorial distribution made at the Congress of Vienna. Europe, in a word, is in labor with the twin birth of constitutions and of nationalities.

Of its five Great Powers, one alone is partially exempt. While nature has drawn round Great Britain boundaries more lasting than those of the diplomatists of 1815, her constitution has been prepared by recent ameliorations for further extension and strengthened against the storm. Russia, if enjoying the internal repose temporarily secured by the semi-eastern barbarism of her scattered tribes, has for years been wasting the blood of her thousands on the heights of the Caucasus, is now secretly intriguing for more extended conquest, and is already marshaling her armies on the banks of the Vistula for—as we firmly hope—assured defeat and disgrace.

Prussia, battling with her pedant monarch in the streets of his capital for her long-promised rights, is seeking to round the territories of that great nationality that she hopes eventually to sway with a few green pastures torn from the Scandinavian peninsula. Austria, that anomalous agglomeration of repugnant races, a prey to central anarchy and provincial rebellion, and already bereft of the iron crown, clings with blind tenacity to the territory of the doges. France is yet wailing over those who have fallen in the deadliest of social struggles. Her cities are beleaguered by her own armies, and the streets of her capital are as yet their battlefield. But who that knows the proneness of her people to clamor for foreign conquest and of her statesmen to seek a vent for social and political agitation in her lust for national glory shall say how soon the young generals who now sway her councils may not seek a field for their own ambition and a solution of their financial difficulties in a war of aggression.

Of the minor states few present a more tranquillizing picture. The half-appreciated liberties of Spain, trodden down in the streets of Madrid by the iron heel of Narvaez, are finding a voice in the provincial risings of her factions. The throne of Portugal rocks under its infatuated occupant. The troops of the Neapolitan Bourbon are bivouacking at once on the banks of the Adige, the heights of Calabria, and the flags of the Toledo. The Vicegerent of God signs in the Vatican declarations of war dictated by the burghers of the Corso. Leopold of Tuscany is fain to merge the interests of his father-house in the rights of Italian independence, and Charles Albert drowns the cries of internal sedition in the din of a national war. A dozen political volcanoes are in activity. Such, at this moment, is Europe.

Advice to Young Men

By Thomas Carlyle

Issue of June 29, 1844

From the *Cupar and St. Andrews Monthly Advertiser*

DEAR Sir:

Some time ago your letter was delivered me; I take literally the first

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free half hour I have had since to write a word of answer.

It would give me true satisfaction could any advice of mine contribute to forward you in your honorable course of self-improvement, but a long experience has taught me that advice can profit but little, that there is a good reason why advice is so seldom followed—this reason, namely, that it is so seldom, and can almost never be, rightly given. No man knows the state of another; it is always to some more or less imaginary man that the wisest and most honest adviser is speaking.

As to the books that you—whom I know so little of—should read, there is hardly anything definite that can be said. For one thing, you may be strenuously advised to keep reading. Any good book, any book that is wiser than yourself, will teach you something—a great many things, indirectly and directly, if your mind be open to learn. This old counsel of Johnson's is also good and universally applicable: 'Read the book you do honestly feel a wish and curiosity to read.' The very wish and curiosity indicate that you, then and there, are the person likely to get good of it. 'Our wishes are presentiments of our capabilities'; that is a noble saying, of deep encouragement to all true men, applicable to our wishes and efforts in regard to reading as to other things. Among all the objects that look wonderful or beautiful to you, follow with fresh hope the one that looks wonderfulest, beautifulest. You will gradually find by various trials—which trials see that you make honest, manful ones, not silly, short, fitful ones—what is for you the wonderfulest, beautifulest, what is your true element and province, and be able to profit by that.

True desire, the monition of nature, is much to be attended to. But here, also, you are to discriminate carefully between true desire and false. The medical men tell us we should eat what we truly have an appetite for, but what we only falsely have an appetite for we should resolutely avoid. It is very true; and flimsy desultory readers, who fly from foolish book to foolish book and get good of none and mischief of all—are not these as foolish unhealthy eaters, who mistake their superficial false desire after spiceries and confectioneries for their real appetite, of which even they are not destitute, though it lies far deeper, far quieter, after solid nutritive food?

Another thing, and only one other, I will say. All books are properly the record of the history of past men—what thoughts past men had in them, what actions past men did: the summary of all books whatsoever lies there. It is on this ground that the class of books specifically named history can be safely recommended as the basis of study of all books—the preliminary to all right and full understanding of anything we can expect to find in books. Past history, and especially the past history of one's own native country, everybody may be advised to begin with that. Let him study that faithfully; innumerable inquiries will branch out from it. He has a broad-beaten highway, from which all the country is more or less visible; there traveling, let him choose where he will dwell.

Neither let mistakes and wrong directions—of which every man, in his studies and elsewhere, falls into many—discourage you. There is pre-

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cious instruction to be got by finding that we are wrong. Let a man try faithfully, manfully, to be right, he will grow daily more and more right. It is, at bottom, the condition on which all men have to cultivate themselves. Our very walking is an incessant falling—a falling and a catching of ourselves before we come actually to the pavement. It is emblematic of all things a man does.

In conclusion, I will remind you, it is not by books alone, or by books chiefly, that a man becomes in all points a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever thing in your actual situation, there and now, you find either expressly or tacitly laid to your charge; that is your post; stand in it like a true soldier. Silently devour the many chagrins of it, as all human situations have many, and see you aim not to quit it without doing all that *it*, at least, required of you. A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading. They are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine the two things—wisely, valiantly can do what is laid to their hand in their present sphere and prepare themselves withal for doing other wider things, if such lie before them.

With many good wishes and encouragements, I remain yours sincerely,

Thomas Carlyle

Letter to Young Girls

By John Ruskin

Issue of January 6, 1877
From the *Spectator*

KEEP absolute calm of temper under all chances, receiving everything that is provoking or disagreeable to you as coming directly from Christ's hand; and the more it is like to provoke you, thank him for it the more, as a young soldier would his general for trusting him with a hard place to hold on the rampart. And, remember, it does not in the least matter what happens to you—whether a clumsy schoolfellow tears your dress, or a shrewd one laughs at you, or the governess does n't understand you. The one thing needful is that none of these things should vex you. For your mind, at this time of your youth, is crystallizing like sugar-candy, and the least jar to it flaws the crystal, and that permanently.

Say to yourselves every morning just after your prayers, 'Whoso forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be my disciple.' That is exactly and completely true, meaning that you are to give all you have to Christ to take care of for you. Then, if He does n't take care of it, of course you know it was n't worth anything. And, if He takes anything from you, you know you are better without it. You will not, indeed, at your age, have to give up houses, or lands, or boats, or nets, but you may perhaps break your favorite teacup, or lose your favorite thimble, and might be vexed about it, but for this second St. George's precept.

Dickens on Thackeray

Issue of March 5, 1864
From the *Cornhill Magazine*

IT HAS been desired by some of the personal friends of the great English writer who established this magazine that its brief record of his having been stricken from among men should be

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written by the old comrade and brother-in-arms who pens these lines and of whom he often wrote himself, and always with the warmest generosity.

I saw him first nearly twenty-eight years ago when he proposed to become the illustrator of my earliest book. I saw him last shortly before Christmas, at the Athenæum Club when he told me that he had been in bed three days, that after these attacks he was troubled with cold shiverings, 'which quite took the power of work out of him,' and that he had it in his mind to try a new remedy, which he laughingly described. He was very cheerful and looked very bright. In the night of that day week he died.

The long interval between those two periods is marked in my remembrance of him by many occasions when he was supremely humorous, when he was irresistibly extravagant, when he was softened and serious, when he was charming with children. But by none do I recall him more tenderly than by two or three that start out of the crowd when he unexpectedly presented himself in my room, announcing how that some passage in a certain book had made him cry yesterday, and how that he had come to dinner 'because he could n't help it' and must talk such passage over. No one can ever have seen him more genial, natural, cordial, fresh, and honestly impulsive than I have seen him at those times. No one can be surer than I of the greatness and the goodness of the heart that then disclosed itself.

We had our differences of opinion. I thought that he too much feigned a want of earnestness and that he made a pretense of undervaluing his art, which was not good for the art that he held in trust. But, when we fell upon these topics, it was never very gravely, and I have a lively image of him in my mind, twisting both his hands in his hair and stamping about, laughing to make an end of the discussion.

When we were associated in remembrance of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold, he delivered a public lecture in London, in the course of which he read his very best contribution to *Punch*, describing the grown-up cares of a poor family of young children. No one hearing him could have doubted his natural gentleness or his thoroughly unaffected manly sympathy with the weak and lowly. He read the paper most pathetically and with a simplicity of tenderness that certainly moved one of his audience to tears. This was presently after his standing for Oxford, from which place he had despatched his agent to me with a droll note, to which he afterward added a verbal postscript, urging me to 'come down and make a speech and tell them who he was, for he doubted whether more than two of the electors had ever heard of him and he thought there might be as many as six or eight who had heard of me.' He introduced the lecture just mentioned with a reference to his late electioneering failure, which was full of good sense, good spirits, and good humor.

He had a particular delight in boys and an excellent way with them. I remember his once asking me with fantastic gravity, when he had been to Eton where my eldest son then was, whether I felt as he did in regard of never seeing a boy without wanting instantly to give him a sovereign. I thought of this when I looked down

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into his grave after he was laid there, for I looked down into it over the shoulder of a boy to whom he had been kind.

These are slight remembrances, but it is to little familiar things suggestive of the voice, look, manner, never, never more to be encountered on this earth that the mind first turns in a bereavement. And greater things that are known of him in the way of his warm affections, his quiet endurance, his unselfish thoughtfulness for others, and his munificent hand may not be told.

If, in the reckless vivacity of his youth, his satirical pen had ever gone astray or done amiss, he had caused it to prefer its own petition for forgiveness long before:—

> I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain;
> The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain;
> The idle word that he'd wish back again.

In no pages should I take it upon myself at this time to discourse of his books, of his refined knowledge of character, of his subtle acquaintance with the weaknesses of human nature, of his delightful playfulness as an essayist, of his quaint and touching ballads, of his mastery over the English language. Least of all, in these pages, enriched by his brilliant qualities and beforehand accepted by the public through the strength of his great name.

But on the table before me there lies all that he had written of his latest and last story. That it would be very sad to any one—that it is inexpressibly so to a writer—in its evidences of matured designs never to be accomplished, of intentions begun to be executed and destined never to be completed, of careful preparation for long roads of thought that he was never to traverse, and for shining goals that he was never to reach will be readily believed. The pain, however, that I have felt in perusing it has not been deeper than the conviction that he was in the healthiest vigor of his powers when he wrought on this last labor. In respect of earnest feeling, far-seeing purpose, character, incident, and a certain loving picturesqueness blending the whole, I believe it to be much the best of all his works. That he fully meant it to be so, that he had become strongly attached to it, and that he bestowed great pains upon it, I trace in almost every page. It contains one picture that must have cost him extreme distress and that is a masterpiece. There are two children in it, touched with a hand as loving and tender as ever a father caressed his little child with. There is some young love, as pure and innocent and pretty as the truth. And it is very remarkable that, by reason of the singular construction of the story, more than one main incident usually belonging to the end of such a fiction is anticipated in the beginning, and thus there is an approach to completeness in the fragment, to the satisfaction of the reader's mind concerning the most interesting persons, which could hardly have been better attained if the writer's breaking-off had been foreseen.

The last line he wrote and the last proof he corrected are among these papers, through which I have so sorrowfully made my way. The condition of the little pages of manuscript where death stopped his hand shows that he had carried them about and often taken them out of his pocket here and there for patient revision and interlineation. The last words he corrected

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in print were: 'And my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss.' God grant that on that Christmas Eve, when he laid his head back on his pillow and threw up his arms as he had been wont to do when very weary, some consciousness of duty done and Christian hope throughout life humbly cherished may have caused his own heart so to throb when he passed away to his Redeemer's rest.

He was found peacefully lying as above described, composed, undisturbed, and to all appearance asleep, on the 24th of December, 1863. He was only in his fifty-third year; so young a man that the mother who blessed him in his first sleep blessed him in his last. Twenty years before he had written, after being in a white squall:—

> And when its force expended,
> The harmless storm was ended,
> And, as the sunrise splendid
> Came blushing o'er the sea;
> I thought as day was breaking,
> My little girls were waking,
> And smiling, and making
> A prayer at home for me.

Those little girls had grown to be women when the mournful day broke that saw their father lying dead. In those twenty years of companionship with him, they had learned much from him, and one of them has a literary course before her, worthy of her famous name.

On the bright wintry day, the last but one of the old year, he was laid in his grave at Kensal Green, there to mingle the dust to which the mortal part of him had returned with that of a third child, lost in her infancy years ago. The heads of a great concourse of his fellow workers in the arts were bowed around his tomb.

Trollope on Dickens

Issue of July 30, 1870
From *Saint Paul's*

IT SEEMS to have been but the other day that, sitting where I now sit, in the same chair, at the same table, with the same familiar things around me, I wrote for the *Cornhill Magazine* a few lines in remembrance of Thackeray, who had then been taken from us; and when those lines appeared they were preceded by others, very full of feeling, from his much-older friend, Charles Dickens. Now I take up my pen again because Charles Dickens has also gone and because it is not fit that this publication should go forth without a word spoken to his honor.

It is singular that two men in age so nearly equal, in career so nearly allied, friends so old, and rivals so close should each have left us so suddenly, without any of that notice, first doubting and then assured, that illness gives, so that in the case of the one as of the other the tidings of death's dealings have struck us a hard and startling blow, inflicting not only sorrow but for a while that positive physical pain that comes from evil tidings that are totally unexpected. It was but a week or two since that I was discussing at the club that vexed question of American copyright with Mr. Dickens, and, while differing from him somewhat, was wondering at the youthful vitality of the man who seemed to have done his forty years of work without having a trace of it left upon him to lessen his energy or rob his feelings of their freshness.

It was but the other day that he spoke at the Academy dinner, and

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those who heard him then heard him at his best; and those who did not hear him, but only read his words, felt how fortunate it was that there should be such a man to speak for literature on such an occasion. When he took farewell of the public as a public reader a few months since, the public wondered that a man in the very prime of his capacity should retire from such a career. But though there was to be an end of his readings, there was not, therefore, to be an end of his labors. He was to resume, and did resume, his old work, and when the first number of the *Mystery of Edwin Drood* was bought up with unprecedented avidity by the lovers of Dickens's stories, it was feared probably by none but one that he might not live to finish his chronicle. He was a man, as we all thought, to live to be a hundred. He looked to be full of health, he walked vigorously, he stood, and spoke, and, above all, he laughed like a man in the full vigor of his life. He had never become passive as men do who have grown old beneath burdens too heavy for their shoulders. Whatever he did seemed to come from him easily, as though he delighted in the doing of it. To hear him speak was to long to be a speaker one's self, because the thing, when properly managed, could evidently be done so easily, so pleasantly, with such gratification not only to all hearers but to one's self.

II

We were, indeed, told some time since that he was ill and must seek rest for a while; but anyone may be ill for a period. What workingman does not suffer occasionally? But he never looked ill when he was seen at his work. As I am now writing, it is just two years and two months since I entered the harbor of New York as he was leaving it, and I then called on him on board the *Russia*. I found him with one of his feet bound up, and he told me with that pleasant smile that was so common to him that he had lectured himself off his legs; otherwise he was quite well. When I heard afterward of his labors in the States and of the condition in which those labors had been continued, it seemed to be marvelous that any constitution should have stood it. He himself knew, no doubt, where the shoe pinched him, where the burden was too heavy, where the strain told,—that strain without which such work as his could not adequately be done,—but there was a vitality in the man and a certain manliness of demeanor that made those who looked on him believe that nothing that he had yet done had acted injuriously upon the machine of his body.

But that it had so acted there can now be but little doubt. We have been told that he complained in his own home that his present work was burdensome to him and that the task of composition was difficult. When making pecuniary arrangements for the publication of *Edwin Drood* he especially stipulated by deed that the publishers should be reimbursed for any possible loss that might accrue to them should he be prevented by death or sickness from completing his work—a stipulation that can hardly have been necessary but that, as it betrays his own nervousness, so also gives evidence of his high honor and thoughtful integrity.

The event, which he alone thought

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probable enough to require prevision, has taken place, and *Edwin Drood*, like *Denis Duval*, and *Wives and Daughters*,—the novel on which Mrs. Gaskell was engaged when she died,—will be left unfinished. To speak here of the circumstances of his life—or of the manner of the sad catastrophe that has taken him from us—would be unnecessary. The daily and weekly newspapers have already told the public all that can be told at once, and the things that will require later and careful telling will, we hope, be told with care. Of the man's public work and public character, it may perhaps not be amiss for one who remembers well the *Sketches by Boz* when they first came out to say a few words. Of his novels, the first striking circumstance is their unprecedented popularity.

This is not the time for exact criticism, but, even were it so, no critic is justified in putting aside the consideration of that circumstance. When the masses of English readers in all English-reading countries have agreed to love the writings of any writer, their verdict will be stronger than that of any one judge, let that judge be ever so learned and ever so thoughtful. However the writer may have achieved his object, he has accomplished that which must be the desire of every author—he has spoken to men and women who have opened their ears to his words and have listened to them. He has reached the goal that all authors seek. In this respect Dickens was probably more fortunate during his own life than any writer that ever lived. The English-speaking public may be counted, perhaps, as a hundred million, and wherever English is read these books are popular from the highest to the lowest—among all classes that read. In England his novels are found in every house in which books are kept, but in America his circulation is much more extended than it is in England, because the houses in which books exist are much more numerous.

I remember another novelist saying to me of Dickens—my friend and his friend, Charles Lever—that Dickens knew exactly how to tap the ever-growing mass of readers as it sprang up among the lower classes. He could measure the reading public—probably taking his measure of it unconsciously—and knew what the public wanted of him. Consequently the sale of his books has been hitherto so far from ephemeral—their circulation has been so different from that which is expected for ordinary novels—that it has resembled in its nature the sales of legs of mutton or of loaves of bread. The butcher or baker will know how many of this or of that article he will 'do' in a summer or a winter quarter, and so does the bookseller know how many 'Pickwicks' and how many 'Nicklebys' he will 'do.'

That there should be an average and continued demand for books as for other commodities is not astonishing. That readers should require an increasing number of Shakespeares, or of Euclids, or of *Robinson Crusoes* is not strange. But it is very strange that such a demand of an author's works should have grown up during his own life, that the demand should be made in regard to novels, that it should have continued with unabated force, and that it should exceed, as I believe it does exceed, the demand for the works of any other one writer in the language.

And no other writer of English language except Shakespeare has left

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so many types of character as Dickens has done—characters that are known by their names familiarly as household words and that bring to our minds vividly and at once a certain well-understood set of ideas, habits, phrases, and costumes, making together a man, or woman, or child, whom we know at a glance and recognize at a sound—as we do our own intimate friends. And it may be doubted whether even Shakespeare has done this for so wide a circle of acquaintances. To constant readers of Shakespeare, Iago and Shylock, Rosalind and Juliet, Falstaff and Sir Toby, Lear and Lady Macbeth have their characters so clearly discernible as to have become a part and parcel of their lives, but such readers are as yet comparatively few in numbers.

And other great authors have achieved the same things with perhaps one or two characters. Bobadil, Squire Western, the Vicar of Wakefield, and Colonel Newcomb are among our very intimate friends and have become types. With Scott's characters, glorious as they are, this is hardly the case. We know well the characters, as Scott has drawn them, of Ivanhoe, Meg Merrilies, Mr. Oldbuck, Balfour of Burley, and the Master of Ravenswood, but we know them as creations of Scott and not as people in our own everyday world. We never meet with Meg Merrilies or have any among our acquaintance whom we rank as being of the order of Ivanhoe. If we saw them in the flesh we should not recognize them at a glance. But Pickwick and Sam Weller, Mrs. Nickleby and Wackford Squeers, Fagin and Bill Sikes, Micawber, Mrs. Gamp, Pecksniff, and Bucket, the detective, are persons so well known to us that we think that they who are in any way of the professions of these worthies are untrue to themselves if they depart in aught from their recognized and understood portraits.

Pickwick can never be repeated, he is among our dearest and nearest, and we expect no one to be like him. But a 'boots' at an hotel is more of a boots the closer he resembles Sam Weller. Many ladies talk like Mrs. Nickleby and are perfect or imperfect in our estimation as they adhere or depart from their great prototype. With murderous Jews and their murdering agents we have probably but a distant acquaintance, but we fancy that they should be as are Fagin and Sikes. A schoolmaster who lives by starving his boys will certainly have but one eye, as was the case with Mr. Squeers. The man with whom something is ever about to turn up is well known to us and is always considered by us to be going under an alias when he is not called Micawber. The lady who follows a certain profession that has ever been open to ladies is no longer called by the old name but is Mrs. Gamp. Every hypocrite who knows his part wears the Pecksniff shirt-collar. Every detective is to us a Bucket. And Dickens has given us conventional phrases of which everybody knows the meaning, though many are ignorant whence they come. To have 'one's greens on one's mind' is as good English as 'to be at sea' or 'to be down in the mouth'; but many who can do nothing while their greens are on their mind, who are always talking of their greens, forget that the phrase began with that old warrior, Mrs. Bagnet.

Most of us have probably heard Dickens's works often criticized, want

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of art in the choice of words and want of nature in the creation of character having been the faults most frequently attributed to him. But his words have been so potent, whether they may be right or wrong according to any fixed rule, that they have justified themselves by making themselves into a language that is in itself popular; and his characters, if unnatural, have made a second nature by their own force. It is fatuous to condemn that as deficient in art that has been so full of art as to captivate all men. If the thing be done that was the aim of the artist,—fully done, done beyond the power of other artists to accomplish,—the time for criticizing the mode of doing it is gone by. Rules are needed in order that a certain effect may be obtained, but, if the effect has certainly been obtained, what need to seek whether or no the rule has been obeyed? The example, indeed, may be dangerous to others, as they have found who have imitated Dickens and others will find who may imitate him in the future.

It always seemed to me that no man ever devoted himself so entirely as Charles Dickens to things that he understood and in which he could work with effect. Of other matters he seemed to have a disregard—and for many things almost a contempt, which was marvelous. To literature in all its branches his attachment was deep, and his belief in it was a thorough conviction. He could speak about it as no other man spoke. He was always enthusiastic in its interests, ready to push on beginners, quick to encourage those who were winning their way to success, sympathetic with his contemporaries, and greatly generous to aid those who were failing. He thoroughly believed in literature, but in politics he seemed to have no belief at all. Men in so-called public life were to him, I will not say insincere men, but so placed as to be by their calling almost beyond the pale of sincerity. To his feeling, all departmental work was the bungled, muddled routine of a Circumlocution Office. Statecraft was odious to him, and, though he would probably never have asserted that a country could be maintained without legislative or executive, he seemed to regard such devices as things so prone to evil that the less of them the better it would be for the country—and the farther a man kept himself from their immediate influence the better it would be for him.

I never heard any man call Dickens a radical, but if any man ever was so he was a radical at heart—believing entirely in the people, writing for them, speaking for them, and always desirous to take their part as against some undescribed and indiscernible tyrant, who to his mind loomed large as an official rather than as an aristocratic despot. He hardly thought that our parliamentary rulers could be trusted to accomplish aught that was good for us. Good would come gradually—but it would come by the strength of the people and in opposition to the blundering of our rulers.

III

No man ever kept himself more aloof than Dickens from the ordinary honors of life. No titles were written after his name. He was not C. B., or D. C. L., or F. R. S., nor did he ever attempt to become M. P. What titles of honor may ever have been offered to

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him I cannot say, but that titles were offered I do not doubt. Lord Russell, a year or two ago, proposed a measure by which, if carried, certain men of high character and great capacity would have been selected as peers for life, but Charles Dickens would never have been made a lord. He probably fully appreciated his own position and had a noble confidence in himself, which made him feel that nothing Queen, Parliament, or Minister could do for him would make him greater than he was. No title to his ear could have been higher than the name that he made familiar to the ears of all reading men and women.

He would attempt nothing, show no interest in anything that he could not do and that he did not understand. But he was not on that account forced to confine himself to literature. Every one knows how he read. Most readers of these lines, though they may never have seen him act,—as I never did,—still know that his acting was excellent. As an actor he would have been at the top of his profession. And he had another gift—had it so wonderfully that it may almost be said that he has left no equal behind him. He spoke so well that a public dinner became a blessing instead of a curse, if he was in the chair—had its compensating twenty minutes of pleasure, even if he were called upon to propose a toast or to thank the company for drinking his health. For myself, I never could tell how far his speeches were ordinarily prepared, but I can declare that I have heard him speak admirably when he has had to do so with no moment of preparation.

A great man has gone from us, such a one that we may surely say of him that we shall not look upon his like again. As years roll on, we shall learn to appreciate his loss. He now rests in the spot consecrated to the memory of our greatest and noblest, and Englishmen would certainly not have been contented had he been laid elsewhere.

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The great-grandson of the founder of THE LIVING AGE sees in the *Evening Moscow* and the New York *Daily News* a reflection of the essential characters of American and Russian civilization.

Evening Moscow *and* Daily News

By ROBERT LITTELL

I HAVE two newspapers in front of me. Each is printed—and read—in one of the world's largest cities. Each reflects a civilization—two very different civilizations. One of the newspapers announces in big black headlines that the Giants and the Dodgers have lost; that '2 Women, Man Shot in Broadway Gang War.' The other, which is strangely lacking in big black headlines, tells me that a group of deaf-and-dumb people have clubbed together, bought a tank, and presented it to the army.

One of the newspapers—it's chuck-full of pictures—exhibits, on page 1, three snapshots of a pretty woman whose crossed silk legs are worth all that space, not only as legs but because their owner 'snubbed the Vanderbilts' and is demanding a large alimony from her 'wealthy spouse.' The other newspaper—also full of pictures—shows two husky girls in shapeless berets examining an automatic lathe. Their legs—which would not be silk—are invisible.

The first newspaper, whose readers are so interested in baseball, gang wars, divorces, and legs, is the New York *Daily News*, the most respectable of our tabloids, with a circulation of one and a half million and published for profit by several McCormicks and Pattersons. The second newspaper is the *Evening Moscow*, with about half as much circulation, published by the Moscow Soviet and the Moscow Committee of the Communist Party for many reasons, of which profit is certainly the least important.

Why, you may ask, did I pick these particular newspapers for my periscope view of two contrasting societies rather than more famous, enlightened, and responsible organs such as the *New York Times* and *Pravda*? Because both *Pravda* and the *New York Times* have a world outlook, and the man in the street—whether that street be

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Main Street or Karl Marx Boulevard —is always more concerned with his immediate surroundings, the programme at his local movie theatre, the price of his living quarters, clothing, and breakfast than he is with Hitler's speeches, or the gold clause, or the world revolution, or the doings of the various international expert repair squads that are trying to put Humpty Dumpty together again. Both the *Daily News* and the *Evening Moscow* are printed for the man in the street. The difference between those men and those streets and the even greater difference between what the editors of these two newspapers want to put in their readers' heads and want them to become—the editors of the *Daily News* seem quite satisfied so long as the reader pays his two cents and buys from their advertisements, whereas the editors of the *Evening Moscow* are determined to make him over completely—will appear upon scrutiny, if we can stand the bad paper and close illegible type of the latter and the yellow crudity of the former.

The *Daily News* has sixty pages; the *Evening Moscow* only four, but its pages are twice the size of the *News'*. Yet the *Evening Moscow* has a great deal more reading matter—a quarter of it, or less, is advertising, all concentrated on the last page, whereas the tabloid is a marsh of ads through which runs a feeble intermittent trickle of news. The tabloid, strangely enough, leads the organ of the Moscow Soviet in foreign and national news. The tabloid gives several pages to the Morgan investigation; the *Evening Moscow's* foreign cables take up barely a column. For the *Evening Moscow*, compared with its more famous Soviet colleagues, is intensely local. Not local in our sense of provincial—no clambakes, social brevities, and golden weddings—but microscopic in its observation of the Moscow front in the great battle of socialist construction.

Consider each paper's treatment of the civilization of the other. The *Evening Moscow* has a brief item about the Mitchell trial; a picture of a stripped Negro convict chained to the bars of an American prison; a few lines about the kidnapping of the little McMath girl; a paragraph about how, after the 'abolition of the prohibition of alcohol,' the first man arrested for drunkenness in the United States was the Austrian Archduke Leopold; a sarcastic piece about our beauty contests ('there is no aspect of human stupidity from which an American business man cannot extract money'); a detailed account of New York's poultry racket, which begins, 'We know about the Chicago bandits, we know about Al Capone, we also know about the kings of the illicit liquor traffic. . . .' But in all the sixty pages of the *Daily News* there is no word about Soviet Russia. Not one.

The *Evening Moscow's* news and pictures of Soviet women include a photograph of a woman chauffeur changing a tire on a Ford and a panel of snapshots of girls—who evidently care nothing about how they look—with their snub noses buried in intricate machinery. They are singled out for public distinction as expert mechanics in the factory 'Red Proletarian.' Here is Comrade Bichkova (who could never qualify as Miss Moscow) pulling the trigger in the recent all-Union sniper competition. Here is the first Russian woman parachutist. Here is Leila-Hanum Mamedbekova in a spiked helmet, the first woman of

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Turkish origin (from Baku) to be a pilot-instructor. And here is a paragraph about a gathering of women inventors and 'rationalizers.' But not a hint anywhere of clothes, fashions, cosmetics, reducing ointments, or advice to the lovelorn.

I can hear the city editor of the tabloid snort as he looks at these pictures—and, indeed, all the pictures—in the *Evening Moscow*. No headline heroes, no disasters, little 'human interest' in our sense of those misused words. The *Evening Moscow's* halftones are coarsely screened and almost indecipherable—a new worker's palace of culture on the spot where once stood a monastery, children playing in newly opened municipal sand piles, workers eating cheap food in new restaurants, the tops of some new blast furnaces, the model of a new vertical wind tunnel for aëronautic experiments, muddy glimpses of spring on Moscow rivers.

II

The cartoons are better than the pictures—remarkably lively and well drawn. The theatrical reviews are punctuated with telling thumb-nail caricatures; the other pages teem with wicked inch-square representations of Hitlerites and capitalists. The larger cartoons are aimed, however, at the readers themselves. Russians are generous and targetless spitters. Here is a tough citizen standing within a close circle of the combination spittoons and waste baskets that adorn Moscow public places. The citizen is neatly spitting so that not one spittoon is hit. 'Though surrounded,' he is saying, 'I do not surrender.'

Crime, women, pictures—the next item on the tabloid reader's bill of fare is sport. Columns of supposedly humorous chat, of advice to golfers, of sporting 'dope,' of baseball statistics. The *Evening Moscow* has a daily column, too, but it is headed 'physculture' instead of sport. In Russia sport is almost never professional and is intended for the development of the performer rather than the pleasure of the cash spectator. The champion boxer of the Soviet Union, who won in three rounds on points, is a chauffeur. The football teams represent factories. The scores are given, but little else. The athletic photographs usually leave the contestants anonymous.

Literature? Art? The drama? Our *Daily News* has a Broadway column, Hollywood gossip, a daily wire from Elsie Janis, and a serial in which tears cling to dark lashes and hosts lie in pools of blood. The *Evening Moscow* has a serial, too—*Peter the First*, by Alexei Tolstoi. And long play reviews. One of the plays shows the 'growth of sympathy for the U. S. S. R. among the western proletariat.' And an article deploring the suggestion—in a recent film about the Caucasus that bills its chief actor as the 'Douglas Fairbanks of the Caucasus'—that the American is the highest in film accomplishments and ideals. And a piece on the hundredth anniversary of the death of Brahms, who grew up 'in the period of the stabilization of capitalist Germany.' And news about the establishment of a school to produce writers of prose and poetry for children, about the literary clubs of the Red Army, about a new atlas of socialist industry, about an exhibition of Utopian literature. A brief note describing a recent book by Paul Margueritte on the 'narrow theme of the emancipation of women.' An-

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nouncement of a prize contest for playwrights: the themes must be Soviet themes (plays about the agricultural collectives are especially desired), the prizes range from 1,500 to 4,000 rubles. There are other rewards for Soviet artists: an actor has been decorated with the order of the Workers' Red Flag of the U. S. S. R.

Can you hear the undertone, the fundamental preoccupation, the 'message' of this family evening paper? Is it not by now obvious to you that virtually all its items are like little cars running about on the rails of a basic social philosophy? Let us browse further for additional glimpses into Soviet life and the Soviet mind.

The parents of a Soviet schoolboy, Ionchev, left home and went to Bulgaria, taking him with them. A Bulgarian newspaper interviewed this schoolboy. The *Evening Moscow* reproduces the interview with delight and pride:—

'"You are glad, are n't you, to have escaped at last from Bolshevist captivity?"

'"No, I'm not glad. My parents made me go; I did n't want to."

'"Do they believe in God in the Soviet schools?"

'"No, none of the schoolchildren believe in God. Perhaps you'd be good enough to show me that God?"

'The interviewer changed the subject. "Well, look about you. Our people are well dressed, with white collars. But in Soviet Russia they are poor."

'"True. But our conditions are getting better all the time. The first Five-year Plan has been fulfilled. Things will soon be better with us than they are with you. We have no unemployed, but you have millions."

'"But are n't you afraid of war?"

'"No, we are strong. The working class of the whole world is for us."

'Then the exiled schoolboy turned on his Bulgarian interviewer. "Tell me," he said, "why do you oppress the working class?"'

III

American papers are full of records—an aviator has flown from coast to coast, an outfielder has made a hit in twenty-nine consecutive games, a couple has danced longer, a crank has sat on a flagpole more uninterruptedly than anyone else in the world. Now turn to the *Evening Moscow*. 'For the first time we are making our own automobile horns.' 'Mass production of airplanes will begin to-morrow.' 'There is nothing anywhere like the work of the Institute of Social Nutrition' (where rheumatism is cured by a vegetable diet); 'it's the first in the world.' 'The Institute of Experimental Biology can predetermine the sex of rabbits. The application of the same process to human beings lies in the very near future.' 'We are now making our first microscopes, magnifying 1,300 times.' And their first dictaphones, and rubber from potatoes, and bicycles one a minute, and the greatest atom-breaking machine in the world, and an electric phonograph without a diaphragm . . .

Moscow is sinking shafts for its subway. 'Subway building,' says the *Evening Moscow*, 'is a new technique to us.' A resolution of the subway workers: 'We, the construction workers of the best subway in the world, understand better than anyone else the meaning of the new government loan. We should each subscribe not

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less than a month's pay, and we shall write to our friends back in the village about it.'

Yes, things are moving ahead, as the *Evening Moscow* points out with an enthusiasm that is always a little restrained—perhaps because there are so many other things that are not going ahead at all or ought to go ahead a great deal faster. And here let me stop to remark that the average skeptical traveler to Soviet Russia would not say with such cocksureness that 'it's all propaganda' if he could read the Soviet papers. For the Soviet papers, including this one, are full of bitter gibes, satirical anecdotes, and complaints of the way things are being done—not, mind you, *why* they are being done. The *Evening Moscow's* columns are as nasty, for instance, toward the trust that is supposed to be building Moscow's new housing as the New York papers are toward Tammany. Here is a cartoon of a family sitting under an umbrella in a rainy, roofless apartment. 'Sit tight,' says a smug official. 'We'll finish it up next week.' Further on is an editorial blast: 'The trust that is building the houses should reconstruct itself . . . If citizens would only demand their rights such things would n't happen.'

Some citizens were bothered by rats in their rooms. They called up the authorities, who promised to send a 'deratizator.' He put poison about the room. The rats grew fat on it. After several visits he brought some traps. The rats ate the bait, but the traps remained empty. Sadly the 'deratizator' looked at them. 'The rats are supposed to try the other side of the traps,' he said. 'And now these citizens are racking their brains to find a way of persuading the rats to approach the traps from the right side.'

In a window of one of the Moscow department stores is a model furnished room. The *Evening Moscow* rages at the knick-knacks of this 'petty-bourgeois *intime*' and asks, 'How long are dryads, naiads, cherubs, and cupids going to decorate the show windows of Soviet department stores?' It will be a long while before an American newspaper is caught criticizing a department store.

You can see for yourself how the *Daily News* is geared to give the reader what its publishers think he wants; how the *Evening Moscow* is organized to give him something it thinks he ought to have; how our tabloid is the crooked mirror of a static society, to the members of which it serves yesterday's selection of scandals, crimes, accidents, and baseball scores; how the *Evening Moscow* cares nothing about that aspect of the immediate past that is called red-hot news but cares everything about the future, points always ahead to something better, and goads the reader to take an interest in science, art, and Soviet accomplishments, to put flowers in his window boxes and complain when his houses are not built on schedule.

The *Daily News*—like nearly all our newspapers—is an eye at a keyhole. The *Evening Moscow* is an alarm clock, smothered a little, to be sure, under anecdotes, satires, travelogues, but forever ringing, ringing, and telling the reader—the citizen who may be too fond of Douglas Fairbanks, of cupids, of the trivialities of private life—to wake up, wake up, wake up, and work, work, and forget that he is an individual, and fall in line with those millions about him who are stumbling on the road toward history.

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Persons and Personages

Major Fey, the Göring of Austria

By Janine Bouissounouse

Translated from *Vu*, Paris Topical Weekly

A MAN has emerged from the Austrian Revolution, Major Fey, whom the conquerors consider 'the organizer of victory.' The day after the revolt his portrait was added to those of Dollfuss and Starhemberg on the mutilated monument of the founders of the Republic. Until then he had played the difficult rôle of conciliator between Dollfuss and Starhemberg, who were not always on the best-of terms. As vice-chancellor, minister of national defense, and leader of the Viennese Heimwehr, this soldier could play the great diplomat and the successful go-between.

Born of a middle-class family, Emil Fey was a petty officer in the infantry of the imperial army during the War. When the Heimatschutz was organized in the struggle against Socialism, Fey was one of the first to join; as soon as Hitler came into power, Fey led those who fought Hitler's propaganda. The Socialists, whom he has just vanquished, have no more dangerous enemy; the Nazis, against whom he is now turning, have no more obstinate opponent. Fey is a great patriot; he has said: 'When it comes to defending our highest ideals, we shall be as hard as the mountains of our land.'

Of the Dollfuss-Fey-Starhemberg triumvirate that now presides over the destiny of Austria, Fey is obviously the outstanding figure. The mob is feminine—and hence not primarily intellectual. In one night the walls of Vienna were covered with posters, and Vienna now contemplates her three masters: Dollfuss with tenderness (he's an unassuming little man); Starhemberg with respect (one learns his name in history manuals along with the date of some great battle); Fey with fear. Between the prince and the chancellor stands the condottiere. He is handsome and inexorable. Looking upon him, nonchalant and easy-going Austria trembles with the ecstasy of heroism.

Someone told me about a celebration and concluded the tale with the following words: 'He (Fey) was there, in the centre of the ballroom, but you could n't see him: all the women were arrayed about him.' I love the word 'arrayed'; I see the bevy of admiring women, in close formation and in good order, docile, motionless, and ripe for adoration.

I saw Major Fey three times. The first time was in an ancient palace where he was to meet the representatives of the foreign press and give

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them the story of the insurrection, the 'whole truth' about the bloody days. We were all crowded together in a banal and rococo salon, waiting for him to appear. Many of those present had never heard his name and had to have it spelled out to them; when he came in, they knew he was somebody.

A man of average height in a Heimwehr uniform. On his green dolman a single decoration—the cross of Maria Theresa, supreme reward. While his audience is getting itself together, Fey lights a cigarette. A single puff, a thoughtful moment, an all-intaking glance, and he begins to speak.

He stands motionless, his hands gripping the table. I am near enough to see him well and far enough to examine him thoroughly without embarrassing him. He has the pale face of an intellectual, the shoulders of a man of action, and large mobile eyes. Looking at him I think what a victory it must be for a woman—any woman—to be able to hold that rapid glance for a single moment. And how grateful women must be for their little triumphs, a gratitude that does much to explain the cult dedicated to his name.

Fey is a born orator, but a disdainful one. Though he speaks well—clearly, energetically, soberly—he seems to be doing one a favor by speaking at all. He takes no part in the speech he makes, his mind is obviously on something else. He thinks intensely. It is rare to see so intelligent a face above a uniform—thin, long, firm lips that scarcely move. The words 'Communists, Bolshevists' fuse into a hiss; the hands remain motionless.

Suddenly the character before us comes to life. Now, after the exposé of cold facts, he must explain the Heimatschutz. Fey, the robot, begins to live, even to smile. His gestures come back to him. He takes a cigarette, snaps the silver case, sticks it into his pocket, clenches his fist, stretches out his arm, opens his mouth wide, pauses with delight on certain vibrant words. He is the leader, goading his soldiers. With what magnificent pride he exclaims at the end: 'Without the Heimwehr, Austria was lost!'

Three days later came the impressive funeral that Vienna gave 'her own' dead. During the entire ceremony, taking place before the City Hall, Major Fey, facing the altar built in the open, dominates the crowd, sitting as stiffly on his horse as Colleoni,—and as motionless,—helmet high, eyes to the front, sword in hand. Already, Vienna seems to have inaugurated the statue of her 'defender.' After the mass in honor of the Belgian king, I saw Fey a third time: he was coming back to his office from church. A helmet is more becoming to him than a hat, but civilian garb does not dwarf him.

When Prince Starhemberg told me that he had in mind not a dictator-

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ship but the close collaboration of three men, the third, whose name he did not mention, was Major Fey, the man whom the English call the 'Austrian Göring.'

Marchand Speaks

Translated from the *Illustration*, Paris Illustrated Weekly

[*The recent death of General Marchand who, as a captain in the French Army, had arrived in Fashoda three months before Kitchener's appearance, recalls an episode in Anglo-French history when the two nations nearly went to war. Marchand had spent two years struggling through the bush and marshes of Africa and finally joined forces with his superior officer, Mangin, another distinguished French general, who was in command of the local French garrison. This account of Kitchener's arrival at Fashoda was given verbally by General Marchand to a group of friends in 1921 and was set down in shorthand and later edited by the General.*—The Editor.]

I MUST tell you that Kitchener's arrival at Fashoda did not come as a surprise. As a matter of fact we had exchanged a pretty voluminous correspondence on the subject of the occupation, and I was to some extent prepared for his arrival. When he came in sight at the head of a flotilla of about thirty boats, I was prejudiced right away by an initial breach of form. It is customary that a vessel or a fleet entering port salute the colors with a salvo of artillery. The French flag was flying over the fort of Fashoda; Kitchener's flotilla did not salute. They dropped anchor at some distance, and an English officer came ashore to tell me that the Sirdar was waiting to receive me. This was according to etiquette, for it is the officer of lower rank who is expected to call upon the superior.

I therefore went aboard Kitchener's craft, a three-decker gun boat carrying a powerful battery. With him was Lord Cecil, who afterward became a well-known English diplomat. (As a matter of fact, it is the custom in England that a man does not go into diplomacy until he has done five years' military service, which is perhaps a good idea.)

Conversation began, and Kitchener made a great effort to convince me that I should leave Fashoda. But the discussion took place in French, which he spoke badly, and this gave me a great advantage, the same that he would have had over me if we had been talking English. I abused it shamefully to confute all his arguments. In the face of his lack of success I could feel that a certain impatience was taking possession of him, which increased when he saw that he definitely could not convince me.

Suddenly he rose and drew himself up to his full height. I confess that at that moment I was truly impressed. He was really a magnificent

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fellow, very tall, blond, with dull bluish eyes that looked imperious. He wore the full dress of an English general—scarlet uniform, gold spurs. There was something imposing about that tall figure standing up on the highest deck of the gun boat, which itself dominated all the rest of the flotilla.

I was n't intimidated, naturally, but I was impressed by the physical spectacle. He stretched his arm out in a gesture that embraced his flotilla, bristling with artillery all around us and 3,200 soldiers at attention on the decks.

'Major,' he said, 'look at the superiority I have.'

All other arguments having failed, this was final, the argument of force, the thinly veiled threat.

I rose in turn, drawing up my somewhat-thin form in front of this colossus, and replied, 'In military matters superiority can only be proved in battle.'

And, turning on my heel, I hastened to the gangway to get aboard my boat and return to the fort. The scene that then took place was something of a burlesque. Leaning over the gunwale Kitchener called me to come up again, and as I did not stop an English officer came headlong down the companionway after me. He caught up to me just as I was stepping aboard my skiff and insisted upon my going up again. I refused. The scene became absolutely grotesque. I consented to go up to put an end to it. Kitchener was very much embarrassed. He assured me, when he had sat down again, that his instructions did not authorize him to go so far.

'I don't know, General, how far you are authorized to go under the Egyptian flag, but one thing I do know is that just now you have twice come very near walking over the French flag.' (I pointed to it flying above our heads)

'Excuse me, sir—*je parle difficilement le français*. Cecil,' speaking to his aide-de-camp, eldest son of Lord Salisbury, at that time the most prominent man in England, '*expliquez au Major Marchand que tous les Anglais en Angleterre sont grande sympathiques pour lui*—and myself also.'

Lord Cecil translated into impeccable French, 'Lord Kitchener of Khartoum proposes to await the decision of our two chancelleries.'

I agreed.

Kitchener stretched suddenly, and (this is very English) passing without transition from rigidity to joviality he said, 'And now, Major, we must have a whisky and soda.'

I replied, 'With pleasure, it is pretty hot.' It was indeed terribly hot on the deck of the gun boat, what with the sun and the interview as well.

And the conversation began again on a cordial note, the whisky and

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soda was atrocious (certainly one of the greatest sacrifices I have made to my country was drinking that frightful smoked alcohol without making a face). I raised my glass to the Queen, and Kitchener raised his to the President of the Republic.

He then gave me the news of the latest happenings in France. Having been lost for three years in the middle of Africa, I was completely in the dark. He retailed the news to me with the greater satisfaction in that it was not particularly reassuring for us. France was then in the thick of the Dreyfus affair. He gave me the latest papers that Cecil had, as if by chance, all prepared. (It was a collection of French newspapers—pro-Dreyfus, of course.) I need not tell you with what voracity my officers and I threw ourselves upon them as soon as I got back to the fort. And I might add that the first reading—which led to the bitterest tears of my existence—was an agony for us.

THE fort was not under my direct command. I was the guest of Mangin, who was in command of the one hundred Sudanese who comprised the garrison. I was there as inspector, having been through fifty forts of the same kind. Without the too-efficient aid of their diplomacy, the masters of London and the sea would have needed a century to take away by main force my conquest of Central Africa. Around the fort stretched the native village of Fashoda. We had 109 soldiers, counting myself. When Kitchener arrived to return my call, accompanied by Cecil, Mangin received him at the head of his company and passed it in review. Without vaingloriousness I may say those men were magnificent. I had issued that morning to each officer and man the new uniforms (white satin and khaki) that I had had under soldered zinc in preparation for the encounter that was taking place that day at Fashoda. Really resplendent under the equatorial sun, the French troops beat all records for style and looked like fashion plates of a smart tailor.

We succeeded in wiping the eye of the English who had not foreseen this stroke. Their breath was literally taken away and they did not recover it for the rest of the day. The new clothes and the fresh vegetables from French gardens both made an irresistible impression on the stiff British gentlemen: Kitchener and Cecil knew what it had meant to get them there.

Cecil looked at the troops for a long time with admiration and, pointing them out to Mangin, said, 'That's why England does n't want to leave you here. With a few companions like these, you would be masters of Sudan, masters of Egypt and of all Africa.'

The review over, Kitchener came to pay his call on me. I was waiting for him at home. Don't imagine that I was living in a palace; it was the usual hut with a low wall and an enormous straw roof that was perhaps a

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little higher than the others. The only entrance was by a door made very low on account of the heat. Kitchener, who was very tall, had to bend down to get in. He crouched so low that his trouser caught on his spur, and he fell on one knee. It was very funny, that moment when he was on his knees before me. Cecil had to cut the trouser leg with a penknife to enable him to get up.

I gave them champagne, real champagne from France, Montebello, if you please. I had 3,000 bottles of it, and I can assure you that it was better than whisky and soda.

It had been agreed with Kitchener that I should communicate with the French Government, and I sent Baratier on a British boat to inform the Ministry. I easily foresaw that the English would represent my situation as desperate and maintain that I was in their hands. I was anxious that the Government should be accurately informed, and I charged Baratier to tell the Ministry that, far from my being in their hands, it was I who was absolutely master of the situation. Here is the reason: of Kitchener's 3,200 men, 2,500 were Sudanese natives, 500 were Egyptians, and 250 were Scotch gunners. These last constituted the only loyal force Kitchener possessed, his Sudanese giving me no uneasiness—and for good reason.

You know that, before the Mahdist revolt, the English occupied Egyptian Sudan. They had recruited there about ten thousand natives and thought it wise to send them to the Delta to have them trained far from home. The Mahdist revolt cut off these soldiers from their native country. Then the English very cleverly made use of this circumstance to persuade them that they must conquer the Mahdists to be able to get home again. The result was that, when Kitchener's soldiers arrived at Fashoda after overcoming the Mahdists, they considered their rôle finished, and having talked to my Sudanese, among whom they found men from their own villages, who gave them news of their relatives, they sent a delegation to me to ask if I would authorize them to go through my camp on their way home, with their arms or even to hand over their weapons.

This question embarrassed me considerably. It was delicate enough for I was no more anxious to antagonize the Sudanese than to antagonize the English. I replied that our Kings were discussing the matter. But this incident proved what I already knew—that Kitchener could not count on his native Sudanese troops and I, for my part, had only to make a sign to call tens of thousands of men from the Sudan. It was thus that I could call myself absolute master of the situation in every quarter except at London and—Paris.

You know the rest. I had been sent down there by Hanotaux, who wanted to hold some cards against England for later negotiations. But

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Hanotaux had been succeeded by Delcassé, a determined partisan of the English alliance. I had been away three years without being able to give an account of myself. At Paris they had forgotten me, and they were surprised and bowled over to hear that I was at Fashoda, on the point of an open breach with the English. They found my return to life very inopportune. It was even said in France that I had taken the English from behind. Chronologically, however, I had reached the key position three good lunar months ahead of them, handicapped as they were by their *impedimenta* of food and arms.

Finally, I received orders to evacuate Fashoda by way of Loango, my point of departure. I preferred, however, for the sake of the later history of France to come back by Abyssinia and Djibout. A caprice.

Lord Tyrrell

By Friedrich Sieburg

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt National-Socialist Daily

LORD TYRRELL, British ambassador to France, has just quit his post at the French capital because of ill health. He is sixty-eight years old, has held this difficult position in Paris for five years, and has been suffering for the past year from the results of a serious inflammation of the chest. The fact that his departure is really due to poor health would therefore seem to be incontestable. The French Government has already agreed to accept Sir George Russell Clerk, former ambassador to Brussels, as his successor. Lord Tyrrell's era thus comes to an end.

And one can indeed speak of the end of an era, for this outstanding British diplomat belonged to a school that is dying out—the school of bare facts. John Stuart Mill was its progenitor, and he maintained that we know nothing beyond our own experience and that experience itself is the only test of experience. Lord Tyrrell, who used to frequent Lord Lansdowne and Edward Grey, collaborated closely with these originators of the Entente Cordiale whose chief aim was the encirclement of Germany. But during his five years in Paris his experience with the disarmament question should have taught him that diplomacy no longer has any power unless it goes beyond bare facts and deals with ideas. The diplomatic type that he represented so brilliantly stood primarily for national sovereignty. But national sovereignty has become more limited, and to-day it is no longer possible to regard the sphere of any people as if that sphere were a bare fact. The great ideas and new tendencies of the present time have imposed certain limitations on national sovereignty.

Why has MacDonald so long been the despair of French foreign

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policy? Because he is a statesman with less feeling for facts than for contemporary tendencies, and he represents his people not merely as prime minister but as if he were the pastor of a parish. And he represents not only his own people but often the whole world. In England the idea of disarmament has taken a strong hold, and in the eyes of such statesmen as MacDonald England's task becomes one of mitigating the universal unrest. Lord Tyrrell, on the other hand, refused to recognize that this moral idea takes precedence over *Realpolitik*. That is why the French liked him. For him nothing existed except facts, and the most important fact of all was that France could not disarm and would not work for disarmament. Hence France had to be offered more and more security, which could be guaranteed only by England. It is not an exaggeration to say that Lord Tyrrell's five years of activity, which were often directed against the vital interests of Germany, always focused on this point. He kept insistently trying to explain to his fellow countrymen that there was something about the French character that demanded security, and hardly anybody opposed Germany's demands for equality of treatment more bitterly than he did. It was not that he considered it possible to withhold equality from us through all eternity. No, he recognized the fact that Germany was gradually achieving this equality, but he considered that Germany could not strengthen its position without the military power of France growing weaker, and he therefore felt that England would have to make some pact more far-reaching than Locarno and become a continental power.

During his years in Paris Lord Tyrrell accomplished many things but he prevented even more. He prevented a great deal that might have improved Franco-German relations. This little, attractive, intelligent *grand seigneur*, who spent his time surrounded by fresh flowers and the signed photographs of royal rulers and looked out over trees in the park of the Faubourg St. Honoré, was capable of withering coldness. Since he did not believe in destiny, he adopted a comfortable faith in the unchangeability of human nature and allowed full sway to his prejudices against Germany, thus acquiring the reputation of an expert on German affairs. Actually, he never knew the German people, that is, the German people of to-day. His keen powers of observation had been sharpened in certain aristocratic circles of the old Germany, among whom he had family connections. His cold superior conviction that modern Germany is dominated by the same instincts and belongs to the same powers that prevailed in pre-war Germany, a common error among international cynics, made him support French policy. Although Lord Tyrrell was much too superior a man to flatter anybody, he unconsciously flattered France, and he regarded the resistance that France put up against all the changes in Europe as a force beneficial to Europe and to humanity as a whole.

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Two political articles on Asia, one by a French liberal, the other by a German correspondent in Shanghai, discuss the struggle for political power in Asia. An Armenian short story based on the Lenin legend completes the bill.

ASIA *in* Panorama

AN INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM

I. ASIA TURNS RED

By PIERRE DOMINIQUE

Translated from *Crapouillot*, Paris Topical Monthly

IN 1918 a small event of great significance occurred in Russia. Lenin and his fellows left Petrograd and established themselves in Moscow. They quit an occidental for an oriental, a German for a Russian, city, the capital of Peter the Great for the former headquarters of landowners and merchants with long beards and long robes. For Moscow is the first large Asiatic city on the way to the Urals. It was once in the possession of Tamerlane and stood as Asia's mercantile and military outpost on the borders of Europe.

Nevertheless, the Russians did not feel that they were Asiatics in 1918. Having first subdued Tartary, and then, under Peter the Great, having opened the doors of the Occident, they still hoped to conquer Europe. In 1920 they set forth but were repulsed outside Warsaw and withdrew. The Europeans spent the next ten years shouting about the Red peril, but the truth is that as soon as the Russians had been defeated outside Warsaw, they turned their attention to the east and south.

Stalin is a droll, good fellow, silent almost to the point of dumbness, but when he says anything he says a

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mouthful, and when he elaborates a plan it is the Five-year Plan. Here is what he said to a Japanese journalist after the Warsaw affair: 'As for me, I am an Asiatic.' The fact is that he was born at Tiflis, but Kerensky, who, I believe, came from Samara on the Volga, could not have said the same thing. The Japanese journalist spread Stalin's words among the yellow peoples. The Soviets had liberated forty different nations. They had carried everything before them, in the Urals, the Caucasus, beyond the Caspian Sea, and all around the great Tibetan plateau. And here was a Georgian, the leader of a hundred and sixty million people, boasting that he was not a European.

II

Nor did Stalin stop there. Not enough attention has been paid to the importance of Siberia in the two Five-year Plans. Stalin sets out from the principle that western and central Siberia, from the Urals to Novosibirsk, is capable of anything. It is a very rich country and exceedingly easy to colonize. When I say very rich, I mean that the iron mines in Magnitogorsk are richer than our mines in Lorraine and have the further advantage that their iron is closer to the surface. The same thing is true of the coal at Kuznetsk. There are no deep shafts, no winding tunnels. Enormous deposits lie five, ten, and twenty yards underground.

Therefore, it is beyond the Urals that the Soviets have created three great industrial centres, beside which our three centres in the north, in Lorraine, and the Loire basin look small indeed, since each of these Soviet areas is as big as all France. The Ural area includes Magnitogorsk, Sverdlovsk, and Chelyabinsk, and the Kuznetsk area includes Novosibirsk. Both of these are already being exploited, but the Angarastroi near Lake Baikal has not yet been opened up. New cities are sprouting out of the steppes, and in three years two of them have already attained a population of three hundred thousand. Immigrants are pouring out of European Russia and Ukrainia. Population is increasing rapidly. Red Asia is becoming a completed whole. Ten or twenty years from now Siberia will be populated, covered with factories and farms, and will force Russian policy to interest itself exclusively in Asia, or, at any rate, will give Russia such a purely Asiatic character that Soviet policy may take an anti-European course.

In 1920, and especially in 1923, the old frontiers had been reëstablished. The White Russians had been definitely liquidated, and the Soviets turned their attention almost exclusively to Asia. Whereas they made no moves on Europe and even signed non-aggression treaties with their European neighbors, renouncing Bessarabia, they penetrated Asia with a view to Bolshevizing the whole continent and taking command of these formidable masses. This policy of Asiatic Spartacism—of promoting an uprising of the oppressed classes—indirectly undermines Europe. Since it was impossible to dominate Europe, to rouse the European slaves to revolt, this other tactic was adopted, and up to now it has borne fruit.

The first step was to grant liberty to the non-Russians in the Soviet Union, most of whom had a pro-

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nounced Asiatic character and had been always treated by the Tsars as conquered people. It was clear that if the Armenians and Tatars, the Uzbeks and the Kirghiz, the Cossacks, and the Mongols were governing themselves inside the frontiers of the U. S. S. R., the Hindus, Annamites, Malayans, and Koreans, even the Afghans and the Persians, the Syrians and the Turks, but above all the Chinese, would consider the Soviets as their great allies and protectors. In the last ten or a dozen years the nations of Asia, or, rather, the nationalisms of Asia, have turned toward Moscow. They are not so much Communists as Spartacists.

Afghanistan was the first country to break loose and free itself from English tutelage, and presently Turkey gained its liberty with the aid of Soviet contraband. The Turkish capital was moved to Asia, and friendship with Moscow was established. Persia then rejected the system of zones of influence, Russia having renounced hers, which at once put England in a bad position. In China things seemed to be going well at first, especially in Canton, until the Kuomintang came into control. In India Gandhi refused to come to an understanding with Moscow, where he was regarded as an idealist who understood nothing about politics. In Indo-China and the Malay peninsula Communist propaganda spread but did not overthrow Dutch or French rule.

Gradually Soviet power grew stronger, and though its influence in India did not increase it became predominant in China. Since 1911 China has been undergoing a revolution. The country is surrounded by outlying Mongolian territories extending from the Yellow Sea westward and then southward from Manchuria through Inner and Outer Mongolia to Chinese Turkestan and Tibet. Except in Tibet, which remains under English influence, Soviet Russia carried the day and thus achieved direct contact with China, especially in the eastern and northeastern provinces, descending in this way toward the Blue River valley. Moscow first captured Outer Mongolia, which is to-day a Soviet Republic, but its success stopped there, for although China was in a state of anarchy there was a powerful military nation close at hand that has done formidable damage since 1894—Japan.

When I was in Moscow no one made any secret of the fact that everything depends on China. This country of four hundred million inhabitants is turning against itself almost in a state of frenzy. Its weight is so terrific that anyone who is able to control it will, as I said before, be able to manœuvre all of Asia. Things have reached such a point that the European Powers and the U. S. A. as well are completely eliminated, although they had hoped to partition China as recently as 1900. Germany was knocked out in 1915. France and America followed suit, and England itself was driven out of the Yangtze Valley by a boycott. Only two adversaries remain, trying to raise their flags over the huge body of China, Japan and the Soviets. Japan is making a direct attack as a nation and by national means. The Soviets are attacking indirectly as the principal representatives of the Third International and are using revolutionary means.

Japan began by seizing Korea and Formosa, then Port Arthur, and

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finally southern Manchuria. It took advantage of the War to attempt to establish a protectorate over China and, failing in this attempt, recently seized Manchuria, which is now an independent state. Nor did Japan stop here. It seized Jehol, moved as far as the Great Wall, threatened Peking, and for a short time landed in Shanghai. Every movement in China shows that Japan is ready to intervene as was recently demonstrated in Fukien. At the moment Japan is negotiating with the Kuomintang and seems to want to form an alliance with it against the Reds. In Mukden Pu Yi's supporters are dreaming of a march on Peking and of proclaiming the ex-emperor emperor of northern China, which would simply be a prolongation of Manchukuo. The Japanese also hope to install themselves in Chinese Turkestan, setting up as sovereign a native prince who is now a refugee in Tokyo.

Faced with this policy, which is a national one, the Soviets are making a purely revolutionary attempt to bring about an uprising in China. Both north and south of the Blue River, throughout four or five provinces something more than mere pillaging, piracy, and peasant uprisings have occurred. There are organized troops that sometimes turn into armies and set up real soviets, which in turn become republics. Five or six of these republics maintain relations with Moscow. Fifty or a hundred million people have revolted against the domination of the Kuomintang, and they have a hundred thousand well-armed soldiers. Recently the Red revolt extended as far as the seaboard, and no one can be sure what direction the movement will take next. Although defeated in Fukien, it has continued in the interior, in spite of the efforts of General von Seeckt, former head of the Reichswehr, and seventy German officers, who have gone into the service of the Kuomintang.

III

Here are three hypotheses. A man of genius, the kind that exists even in China, a Napoleon of the Blue River, may emerge and conquer China by leading a general uprising. With four hundred million men behind him he would find himself in the same situation that Bonaparte did in 1799 when he had twenty-five million French behind him, representing the most powerful mass of people in Europe with the exception of Russia. To such a genius anything would be possible, and the great expeditions of Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, and Napoleon himself give us an idea of what we might have to fear.

The second hypothesis is that the Reds may carry the day in China, and a colossal uprising may crush the Kuomintang, creating a vast condition of anarchy that will at first be manœuvred by Soviet Russia until revolutionary power passes from Moscow to Nanking. Here again a man of genius may intervene, but this time he would be a Chinese Lenin, and we can well imagine a vast revolutionary movement that would throw the Japanese back into their own islands and that would cast its shadow over all Asia from the Arctic Sea to the Indian Ocean, from the Pacific to the Urals and even beyond. And it is well to remember that yellow nations known as Cossacks and Calmucks have reached as far as the mouth of

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the Volga and that the Tatars, who are pure Asiatics, occupy the upper Volga and Crimea.

Third hypothesis. The Kuomintang may be compelled to seek the aid of Japan, which will then organize an imperial conservative northern China as a prolongation of Manchukuo. If it succeeds in defeating the Soviets, it would extend its conquests into Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan and seize the Maritime Province and all of Transbaikalia. It would then be in a position to organize a federation of yellow nations or, rather, of Asiatic nations. This is the greater-Asia idea.

These, as I have said, are mere hypotheses: a China grouped about a Chinese Napoleon, a Chinese Lenin with all Asia behind him, or Japan federalizing and Prussianizing the masses of Asia. Such ideas occur to one's mind in various parts of Asia, but one of the most propitious spots for such meditation is to be found in Samarkand. Here, in a tomb of black stone, Tamerlane sleeps, and his epitaph says that he not only conquered Turkestan, but Persia, Afghanistan and India, Mesopotamia, Syria, Turkey, Egypt, Russia, Chinese Turkestan, Mongolia, Manchuria, and was threatening China when he died. But if the somewhat military character of this dream is too upsetting, we can imagine a great Hindu or Chinese banker, or perhaps a Japanese industrialist of the type that is now conquering the markets of Africa and hoping to subdue those of Europe after passing through the Suez Canal. For it will not necessarily be the Japanese sailor or the Chinese soldier who may strangle Europe, if Europe allows itself to be strangled. The Hindu banker or the industrialist from Tokyo or Shanghai may be capable of great things, not to mention the yellow coolie, who works so hard for so little money.

Let us remember that the Asiatics, plus the Eurasians, are numbered by the millions, that they represent half the population of this world, and that they may be inspired either by revolutionary Moscow or by instructors from Japan. Here is a tremendous weight, more than enough to crush so small an area as Europe.

II. The Struggle for Asia

By Walter Bosshard

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

'After Manchuria, Mongolia!' This is the watchword of the Japanese generals who, since September 18, 1931, have steadily consolidated the conquest of the three eastern provinces, a conquest that began as pure adventure. But when these provinces had been shaped into a new state it seemed as if only a small part of the well-known, but ill-famed, Tanaka Memorial were being executed. Whereas Manchuria was taken over by open resort to armed force, in Mongolia the Japanese have chosen an entirely different kind of warfare, which is somewhat more deliberate, but which, on that very account, is calculated to lead safely and at considerably

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lower cost to the desired end. This method is the strategy of the systematic, peaceful penetration of Mongolia by the principles underlying Japan's policy in Manchukuo. The end in view is the establishment of a new kingdom in North China.

Mongolia in its entirety covers an area larger than that of all Central Europe, although the population, made up of numerous nomad tribes, numbers only from five to eight million people. This central Asiatic plateau, divided by narrow hills into Outer and Inner Mongolia, has been called the cradle of the Mongolian race by the great ethnologist, Count Egon von Eickstedt. In recent months it has become the scene of active political movements so remote as scarcely to be noticed by the rest of the world.

II

For several years Outer Mongolia has been completely under the influence of Communist Russia and has therefore been lost to China. In Ulan Bator Hoto, formerly Urga, there is a Soviet administration, officially composed of Mongols but guided from behind the scenes by Russians from Moscow who set up their control with the aid of the Buriat military forces. The formerly extensive commercial traffic between Urga and the trading centres of North China has come to a complete halt for several years; merchants from Tientsin, Peking, and Kalgan had to leave the territory, and Russia began to flood the country with products that were exchanged for horses, sheep, and wool.

Inner Mongolia, on the other hand, could still be considered a part of China. But the ties that bound the numerous wandering Mongol tribes to the Nanking Government were undeniably very slack; neither taxes nor tribute of any kind found their way from Mongolia to the capital of China; the individual princes administered their inherited wealth and estates according to ancient tradition and paid scant heed to the new ideas that had been spreading throughout China for two decades.

Many of these old reigning families in Mongolia saw from the outset that Sun Yat-sen's revolutionary ideas spelt danger to themselves and their tribes. When Nanking proceeded to declare war on the ancient religions a wave of hostility to the government spread over the broad steppes and desert-like plains, and this antagonism was increased by the influx of Chinese colonists and settlers. Japan cleverly exploited this hostility. While the central government of China was carrying on a campaign against the rebels in the province of Fukien in South China, Japanese agents were quietly cultivating the Mongolian princes and the influential lama priests, urging them to unite with the state of Manchukuo. The Japanese approach was to promise the former local rulers a substantial measure of self-government in their territories and to assure them, at the same time, of a market to the eastward for their crops, wool, horses, and sheep. Since many of these Mongolian princes were linked by bonds of friendship or kinship to the old imperial family of Peking, whose last representative, Pu Yi, now reigns in Changchun, they have renewed their loyalty to the ancient dynasty and are giving him their support. Monarchist and patriarchal ideas seem far more comprehensible to

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these tribes, living as they do according to ancient sacred traditions, than the modern concepts of a Sun Yat-sen.

Disturbed by this trend and by rumors of an imminent declaration of the autonomy of Inner Mongolia, the Nanking Government invited the Mongolian princes some months ago to a conference at the great lama monastery of Peilingmiao where government representatives tried to remedy the precarious situation. The sole outcome was that Nanking suffered from earlier sins of neglect: confidence in the central government had disappeared, and these tardy efforts and promises proved futile.

These events may produce results of international economic significance. If Pu Yi's power were extended over Mongolia, Manchukuo would stretch to the Yellow River and even beyond it in the Ordos region. It must be remembered that the Suiyuan railroad is the only line of rail communication between Tientsin, the most important port in North China, and Central Asia. If this line were cut, all the trade that had hitherto passed that way to Sin-Kiang, the most westerly of the Chinese provinces, would have to be routed over the newly constructed Japanese lines to Dairen in Manchurian territory. Thus Tientsin and Peking would be deprived of their *hinterland* and their markets. What Japan has so far been unable to accomplish by military means will be achieved once and for all by this deft commercial-political move. North China will find itself compelled to seek a union with Manchukuo unless it wishes to relinquish its important position as woolen, leather, and banking centre.

This ambitiously conceived plan also has its military and strategic aspects. Japan must assure the safety of the southwestern flank of the state of Manchukuo and dominate the Mongolian corridor leading to Asiatic Russia as a protection against possible measures of retaliation on the part of Soviet troops. Because of its poverty in natural resources and its limited agricultural importance, Mongolia will never become a second Manchukuo. But whoever possesses Mongolia holds the key to the vast western province of Sin-Kiang.

During recent months Chinese Turkestan has been in a state of turmoil due to Mohammedan uprisings. If the Japanese wedge of Manchukuo should be pushed into Mongolia, only two courses of action would remain open to Chinese Turkestan: either to join Manchukuo or to unite with Soviet Russia.

All movements seeking autonomy are foredoomed to failure, for the only caravan routes that are in condition to be used at present lead through Mongolia; the southern routes, which we know from ancient writings as the so-called 'silk routes,' have become impassable because of climatic changes. The movement for union with a new state in North China may even extend into Outer Mongolia, where the brutal tactics of the Buriat military forces have provoked widespread discontent against the Soviet system and have sent many refugees fleeing to Inner Mongolia. The Russians will not give up Outer Mongolia without resistance, for with Sin-Kiang it has become important to them as a market. It can be assumed, however, that armed conflict such as we experienced in Manchuria will not arise here since it would be extremely difficult to

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keep a large army supplied in this vast desert country.

The frequently disputed Tanaka Memorial, which we have already mentioned, contains the following passage that clearly points out the path that Japan intends to tread:—

'The control of these territories is still indeterminate; the Chinese and Russian Governments are not yet much concerned about them. We should seize this opportunity firmly, and secretly extend our power there. If it should prove later that we had bought up the largest share of Mongolian territory, no one in the world would be able to decide whether Mongolia belonged to the Mongols or to the Japanese. Then we could maintain our prerogatives by military force and establish a positive policy.'

The policy that the vision of Prime Minister Tanaka supposedly outlined in 1927 is being carried out to-day in these remote little-frequented regions, and in this manner a great advance has been made in the consolidation of Japanese power on the mainland. Japan, the England of Asia, reaches farther and farther toward the West in the upbuilding of her vast colonial empire.

III. A Legend of Lenin

By Axel Bakunts

Translated from the *Literaturnaia Gazeta*, Moscow Literary Paper

IT WAS our third day in Mozra, one of the Alagöz mountain settlements. The view was magnificent. Below us a deep ravine ran from Arazdayan to the Ani railroad station. The villages and the towns on the bare Armenian hills looked like gardens. We could just see in the distance the railroad stations surrounded by acacias and poplars, all looking strangely alike.

My friend and I were seated on a rock, trying to spot familiar villages in the valley. The sun was setting, and a fresh breeze was blowing down from the hills. The surrounding fields were bathed in sunlight, and the River Araks flowed by like molten silver. Behind us the village of Mozra showed its flat-roofed houses through clusters of trees. Two peasant women were threshing wheat on a roof. The fresh grain, mingling with golden dust, shimmered in the sunlight.

Farther away lay the fields. A man with his trousers rolled up to the knees was carrying water. We could hear the sound of the spade cutting into the barren earth, and snatches of song came to our ears, 'The nightingale perches on the rosebush, but my beloved is far, far away.' The singer would suddenly stop and just as suddenly start again. My friend was interested. 'Let's see if you can guess what the singer is doing now.'

I tried to discover, straining my ear, but without success. My friend rose impatiently and looked over in the direction of the music. 'Why, it's a reaper,' he called out. 'Every time he bends down he stops singing.'

Above us over the hills someone called, 'Holé, holé,' and whistled. A herd of sheep was coming toward us, and the leading goat, having clambered up a rock, stood solemnly shak-

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ing his beard. The shepherd, leaning on his staff, regarded us steadily. Then he started to walk down, and even at that distance we noticed that he limped.

'It's the first time in my life that I have seen a lame shepherd,' my friend laughed.

The shepherd wore a short sheepskin coat with the wool on the outside. His satchel joggled up and down as he jumped from rock to rock.

'What do you think,' my friend asked, 'has this man heard anything about the events that have revolutionized our world?' And he added sadly, 'It's too bad. He does n't even have a flute, or he could play for us.'

The shepherd approached. 'Good health to you,' he said and called off the dog.

'What is your name?' my friend asked.

'Muro.'

'Muro? How is it that you don't have a flute?'

'A flute?' He shook his head.

One of his legs was shorter than the other. The toes of his left foot barely touched the ground. His face was badly pock-marked, and he had a deep scar under his left eye. His sunburned face and hands were the color of the earth, but there was something attractive in the naïveté and crudeness of his face. He sat down.

'Muro, do you know how to read?'

He laughed. 'How would I ever come to know?'

My friend started questioning him. It turned out that Muro was the settlement shepherd and, as he owned four sheep, they would n't take him into the community. He had a mud hut without a door and slept with the various owners of the sheep, one after the other. He had no relatives. Even in his home village of Sasun in Turkish Armenia, he was an orphan.

Suddenly my friend asked him, 'Muro, did you ever hear Lenin's name?'

'Of course,' he said, slightly hurt. 'I know a story about Lenin.'

'Well, tell it to us,' my friend said.

II

Muro shyly asked us for a 'cigar' and began. 'Lenin was a Russian. Both his father and his grandfather were poor people. One day he decided that he wanted to study. So he started out and went hither and yon until finally he came to a school. Then he said, "I am a poor man and I want to learn to read, so take me into your school." They took him. Lenin studied for a while and, when the time came, Lenin had become learned.

'When Lenin acquired learning, he understood why there was evil in the world. He thought and he thought, and he finally decided that all the evil in the world came from the Russian Tsar, so he gathered some fellows from his school and said to them, "Comrades, we are all educated. It is not fair that a poor man should labor in the sweat of his brow and that the rich man should grow richer by his work."

'His friends answered, "So it has been, and so it will be."

'But Lenin replied, "The world will change. To-day there are clouds; tomorrow the sky will be clear again. But if we do not help one another the Tsar will devour us. The rich man will crush us, and the land will do us no good. The rich man holds both the scissors and the cloth in his hands. It

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is his property. If we don't stick the sabre through the rich man's teeth, he will not tell the truth."

'His friends agreed with him and said, "Let's build a union." And so it was built. Then Lenin spoke up, "Comrades, get your strength together. We're going to fight."

'At that time the Tsar had one faithful retainer. He called him and said, "Go and wander over the earth." In this way the Tsar wanted to find out what was being said about him among the people.

'After the man had wandered over the earth for seven years, he came back to the Tsar and informed him that he had heard very little that was pleasing. Then the Tsar rose from his throne and commanded the man to tell everything that he had seen and heard.

'"Well, Tsar," the man said, "you ought to know that there is a young fellow about twelve years old who is called Lenin. You may expect the worst from him."

'In his fright the Tsar ordered that Lenin should be sent far, far away into unknown places. And Lenin was sent to far-away places, but he did not lose hope. When Lenin's brother found out about it, he said, "I am going to cut the Tsar's head off."

'When the Tsar was told about this he became very angry, stamped his foot, and ordered that Lenin's brother should be brought before him. They caught him and brought him. The Tsar asked, "Who are you?"

'He answered, "I am Lenin's brother."

'"What's your name?"

'"Alexander."

'At this point the Tsar drew his sabre and killed him on the spot.

'When Lenin heard about this he said, "Alas, my poor brother Alexander," and shed many tears, but finally he recovered from the shock and said to his comrades, "Come on, friends, let's start a paper."

'His friends agreed, started a paper, and said to him, "You'll be the editor."

'Lenin replied, "Now, let's fight. Whoever is unarmed should get himself arms. Let's gather our forces and attack the Tsar."

'When the Tsar found this out he almost went insane with rage and sent out a great many people to kill Lenin. Then the poor people said, "If the Tsar kills Lenin, who will show us the right path? We won't let them take Lenin. We'll fight the Tsar."

'Then Lenin built soviets and sent letters to all the poor people, saying, "Be prepared. In such and such a month we are going to fight."

'So Lenin gathered his followers, armed himself, and at the appointed time entered the imperial court. "Come out, Tsar," he called. "I am Lenin whom you sent into the far-away land." The struggle began, and much blood was shed. Lenin's sabre cut the Tsar's head into two even halves. They ransacked the palace and the lands and the shops, and Lenin gave all the gold and wealth to the poor people, saying, "Go, my friends, and live happily." The poor folk quieted down. Lenin gathered his followers, built up another soviet, and wrote a resolution that there should be no more war. Then he went up to a high place and pronounced, "People, live in peace. There will be no more war." Thus the Soviet power was born.'

Muro sighed and turning toward

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the herd shouted something at the goat, its leader, in the indescribable way of mountain shepherds. Seeing that his cry had no effect, he hurled a stone at the goat without moving. To add to all his other physical handicaps, Muro was left-handed, but that did not prevent him from hitting the mark. And the sheep, with their silly faces, all turned in the same direction and followed the goat.

'Muro, what happened to Lenin after that?' I asked impatiently.

'My story is not ended yet,' Muro said and continued, 'When Lenin had killed the Tsar all the rich people disappeared. Some of them perished, and some of them ran away in fright. Only one rich man remained. He sat down to think. He thought and he thought the whole night through, wondering how he could rid the world of Lenin, and he finally had an idea. He called a young girl and said to her, "Girl, would you like some gold?"

'"I'd love it."

'The girl went and sat down on Lenin's doorstep. The porter asked, "Little girl, who are you?"

'The girl answered, "I am an orphan, and I have come to see Lenin."

'At this point Lenin came out to mount his steed. No sooner had he sat down in the saddle than the little girl aimed a mighty blow at him. But Lenin would not allow her to be killed and ordered that the person who had sent her be found. They found the rich man and killed him, and after that all men were equal.

'A little while went by. Lenin was taken ill. He called his friends, his wife, and his army and said, "Comrades, I am dying. But my soviets and my laws will remain on this earth."

'Lenin died and was mourned seven days and seven nights. Then they buried him on a high place that he might be nearer to the sun.'

Muro arose and threw his satchel over his shoulder. 'Here ends the story,' he said, bowing low, and went his way, his staff thumping on the rocks. He skipped as he walked, and it seemed as though he must fall at every step, were it not for his staff. From the river words came floating up, 'Well, whose wheat is it?'

Muro was gathering his sheep. We could hear his soft whistle and his call, 'Holé, holé, kayees, kayees.' Then he drove the herd of sheep toward the village.

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This survey of the present state of Europe is written by a Nazi journalist who speaks with authority and has just completed a book on foreign affairs.

Germany Looks *at* Europe

By GISELHER WIRSING

Translated from the *Tat*
Jena National-Socialist Monthly

NATIONAL-Socialist Germany has found its inner balance in the year that has passed since Hitler came into power. Europe, however, shakes with chills and fever. The revolution in Central Europe has disturbed the entire continent. What a spectacle unfolds beyond the borders of the Reich: in Paris crowds riot in the streets and enact such scenes as have not been witnessed since the birth of the Third Republic; in Austria civil war is the order of the day; in Italy, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia regiments are stationed on the frontiers. The framework that had existed in Europe since the signing of the Versailles Treaty and the foundation of the League of Nations has been smashed. Another Europe is unmistakably appearing in chaotic confusion, but it has left the War and the peace treaties far behind.

Old ideas are dead or apply only to domestic conditions. What is happening in Europe to-day can no longer be described as conservative or liberal. The real problems lie much deeper. All nations with the blood of life in them are struggling for a new form of liberty, which differs from nineteenth-century freedom in that it does not glorify the removal of all restraint but rather advocates true restraint. The democratic-parliamentary system, even when it assumes dictatorial form, as in the Austria of Dollfuss, has sold out the freedom of the people to anonymous powers, to cliques and corporations, to capitalists and exploiters of every variety.

Everywhere the battle cry of liberty is a protest against the domination of anonymous powers. It expresses the people's desire for identity with their government. The most powerful impulse in behalf of the National-Socialist revolution was the conflict between the German people and the parliamentary governing clique that knew no

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restraint and considered itself the embodiment of the nineteenth-century conception of individual liberty. When the citizens of Paris demonstrated against the Palais-Bourbon they were animated by a fundamental emotion that will not be satisfied by the seventy-year-old Doumergue and Barthou. We shall presently see this fundamental feeling brutally exploited by powerful groups for their own advantage.

In Austria the Social-Democratic Schutzbund fought against the Dollfuss régime with a bitterness that should give that government pause. True, the Austrian workers were led, for the most part, by Jewish leaders, but this cannot account for the personal courage shown by the Marxists of Vienna. The Austrian workers unquestionably express a widespread desire to destroy a government hostile to the people and dependent on foreign powers and monarchist support. The Marxist uprising was doomed in advance; no worker could have doubted that the balance of power inside Austria made the victory of Marxism impossible. The question therefore remains what the Austrian workers were really fighting for, and the only thing we can be sure of is that they were primarily attacking a system that had established no contact whatever with the people, that was corrupt through and through, and that did not prevent the Marxist leaders from being corrupt.

II

Austria has long been the most open wound in the whole Versailles system, and to-day this little country has become the centre of all European politics, though a passive centre. The smallest political change that occurs inside Austria to-day will at once register on the political seismographs of all the European capitals and produce counteractions of incalculable dimensions. The terrible loss of life amounting to at least two thousand people that occurred in Austria during February suddenly drew aside the veil behind which Austria had appeared comparatively harmless. Dollfuss is no longer called 'Millimetternich,' and other jokes at his expense that used to travel through Austria, Germany, and all Europe have suddenly ceased. The struggle in Austria has entered a new stage after that week of bloodshed.

The events that led up to the Austrian civil war are among the most doleful chapters in the post-war policy of the Versailles imperialist Powers. Early in January Chancellor Dollfuss informed Habicht, the German National-Socialist inspector in Austria, that he wanted to discuss future Austrian policy with him. Habicht received an invitation to Vienna from the Chancellor, set out by airplane, and had arrived over the suburbs of Vienna when he was informed by radio that Dollfuss had changed his mind and that the Austrian Government had broken off negotiations. The excuse that the Vienna Government gave was more than shabby, being based on the complaint that the National-Socialist demonstrations on the Ballhausplatz made negotiations impossible. Actually, Starhemberg, who wanted to deal with Germany through Prince Alberti on his own account, and the representatives of a certain Great Power had got wind of Habicht's approaching visit and had threatened the weak Chancellor at the

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last moment, demanding that he break off the only direct practical method of dealing with the responsible leaders of Germany.

Shortly afterward, Suvich, the Italian Under-secretary of State, appeared in Vienna. Although Suvich later announced in Rome that he saw no signs of National Socialism, he and his party could hardly have failed to notice dozens of burning swastikas on both sides of the railway as far as Vienna, and, when he visited the Italian embassy in Vienna, the strains of the Horst Wessel song reverberated from an underground apartment. But Suvich's conversations in Vienna were of a preparatory character. All that Belgrade feared was that an Austro-Italian customs union was being discussed.

A few days after Suvich's return Dollfuss handed over a memorandum describing the so-called National-Socialist offensive against Austria to the governments of Italy, France, and England. It was also announced that a note was being prepared for the League of Nations in the hope that that body would pass judgment on the Austro-German question. This proposal met with lively support in Paris and Prague, but in Rome there was less enthusiasm because the Palazzo Chigi did not want to deal through the League of Nations. Its aim was, and still remains, a very concrete alliance with Austria in the form of a three-cornered Rome-Budapest-Vienna treaty.

Dollfuss's memorandum had been received by the foreign offices of the three Great Powers when he himself decided to go to Budapest to pay his colleague, Goemboes, a short visit. Although ministerial visits between Budapest and Vienna are every-day occurrences, this journey aroused alarm in Prague and Paris. It was feared that the plan of a triple alliance might be pushed so far that the interests of France and the Little Entente in Austria would suffer severely.

The so-called 'triangle plan' of Rome, Vienna, and Budapest is based on the plans of the recently deceased Italian Minister of Commerce, Brocchi. It is hard to say how far these plans had gone forward by the beginning of February. It is doubtful that a real customs union was about to be achieved, but it is certain that a currency agreement between Vienna and Budapest was discussed. Shortly before Chancellor Dollfuss had visited Vienna, Count Bethlen advocated a twenty-per-cent devaluation of the pengö so that the Hungarian currency might be brought into parity with the Austrian schilling. It is also possible that Budapest was planning other proposals. In any case, the programme was so definite that Suvich had to go to Budapest at once, his visit there occurring between the 21 and 23 of February, shortly after the week of bloodshed in Vienna. Goemboes and Dollfuss thereupon decided to confer with Mussolini in Rome.

While Dollfuss was in Budapest, the Marxist Schutzbund was aroused to the highest degree of alarm. The Red Town Hall of Vienna discovered that Vice Chancellor Fey had announced weeks ago that action against Austrian Marxism would begin as soon as the Left-wing government in France had been supplanted by a government of the Right. The Doumergue Cabinet was formed on Friday, February 9. It was at this time that Dollfuss was returning from Budapest to Vienna. On Sunday Fey delivered a vigorous

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speech before some of the Heimwehr troops, explaining that he would cut loose the next day and give no quarter. On the following Monday, the attack on the Red party headquarters in Linz began, and this gave the signal to the Schutzbund, the Government, and the Heimwehr to start operations.

Forces had been unchained that no one could hold in check. Two thousand German lives were sacrificed. The wire-puller in Prague who had been shipping weapons to the Schutzbund for years began to cry out in alarm, as did the Paris newspapers. England suspended judgment. Suddenly London recognized that the struggle of the Dollfuss régime against the overpowering popular demand for National Socialism in Austria had broken loose. Only Rome looked on without alarm. The Italian press printed enthusiastic war despatches describing the 'victory' of the Chancellor. Germany mourned. Inspector Habicht delivered a talk over the German radio, expressing our sympathy with the victims beyond the frontier but on German soil. It was the one noble humane note that was struck in all the mad flow of blood during that terrible week.

After the guns had ceased firing in Floridsdorf and Simmering, in Steyr, Linz, and Graz, the surrounding nations faced a changed situation. The Franco-Czech base in Austria had been destroyed. Whereas Italy, on the one hand, and Czechoslovakia and France, on the other, had balanced each other in Austria, this balance had been destroyed, and the Austrian problem was further complicated in the eyes of all those Powers that were eager to intervene. Domestically, the situation of Dollfuss is more precarious than ever. Before the week of bloodshed the majority of the people had gone over to the National-Socialist camp; now, however, a veritable avalanche in that direction has commenced. It may not be visible abroad but can be traced clearly enough, none the less. The terrors of the civil war, the death sentences that were passed on men who were already fatally wounded, mar[illegible] shattering episodes that everyone in Austria witnessed lay like a burden on the people,—on the workers, peasants, and middle classes, regardless of their previous political convictions. The example of the National-Socialist revolution, in which not a single house was shelled and not a single Reichswehr company attacked the Left-wing organizations, must have stood out in sharp contrast. The blood guilt of the Dollfuss government is clear and cannot be denied. On February 19, Sir Walford Selby, the English Minister in Vienna, informed Dollfuss in behalf of his Government that the English people could not understand why the Austrian Government, which had so long known that the Schutzbund was armed, had not been able to take active measures to prevent bloodshed.

After the street fighting had ended in Vienna and in the rest of Austria, Italy and France found themselves poles apart after a period of apparent agreement on the Austrian question. In England it was asserted that events in Austria must be allowed to take their natural course, and the *Daily Telegraph* of February 17 announced: 'Even if Austria were to become National Socialist by popular vote and should decide to link its destiny with that of National-Socialist Germany, England would have no obligation to

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intervene. Austrian independence, no matter what government is in power, may be of interest to certain European countries, but it does not possess so great an importance from the point of view of Great Britain.'

This was clear enough, and all the rest of the English press took the same tone. Nevertheless, a three-Power announcement on the subject of Austrian independence appeared simultaneously in Rome, Paris, and London. It merely stated that the Austrian Government had turned to France, England, and Italy to discover their opinions on the Austro-German question. The conversations between these three governments then led to the unanimous conclusion that the integrity and independence of Austria must be maintained in accordance with existing treaties. This announcement reflected the conflicts between the three Powers but said nothing definite. The conflicts still remain unsolved in the background.

After the civil war in Austria, Italy at once strengthened its troops at the Brenner frontier, thus arousing fresh anxiety in the Little Entente, especially in Yugoslavia. Shortly before Christmas the Yugoslavian Government had dispatched a memorandum to Paris and Geneva in which it announced that any invasion of Austrian territory by Italy would mean the immediate mobilization of the Yugoslavian army. Thus the strategic aspects of that country's policy become quite evident. Yugoslavia fears that Italy may establish connections with Hungary and bring that country under direct control in a way that would obviously be fatal to Yugoslavia from a military point of view.

Thus, in the latter part of February, the same situation arose that had existed before the Four-Power Pact had been concluded, and it was again clear that Mussolini had decided to try to isolate Yugoslavia and the Little Entente and to attempt to manœuvre a new alignment of Powers. But his efforts have accomplished nothing. The conflicts remain acute, while in Austria National Socialism is gaining ground from week to week and from day to day. Nervousness may increase again in a few weeks, but no one can say from what quarter the spark will come that will set off the explosion.

In any case, there can be no doubt that the terrible civil war in Austria showed the rival Powers how greatly the danger has increased. The German Reich remains—and this is decisive—outside these rivalries, and no one can check the natural development of our Austrian brothers toward National Socialism. Whether France or Italy, whether Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, or any other Power tries to extend or develop a sphere of influence in Austria, all such efforts are imperialistic and cannot fail to arouse resistance. Germany and Austria, on the other hand, are a single whole that no Dollfuss and no foreign minister of any other Power can shatter. And never have the people on both sides of the frontier felt this unity more keenly than in recent weeks.

III

Now let us extend the field of our observation. The Austrian question is the kernel of European politics, and around it are grouped various problems that deserve consideration. The most important of these is the future

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of southeastern Europe. On February 9 a Balkan Pact that had been drawn up in Belgrade a few days previously was signed by Yugoslavia, Rumania, Greece, and Turkey. It belongs to the whole series of pacts and agreements that have been entered into since the summer of 1932. This new diplomatic instrument has done nothing to solve the problems of southeastern Europe. The original idea of the Balkan Pact was to regulate the Bulgarian question, but the document finally signed in Athens was completely out of the question for Bulgaria since it did nothing but confirm the present frontiers. The whole affair can be traced back to the personal ambition of two ministers, who perhaps believe that they will win the Nobel Peace Prize by signing as many pacts as possible.

Undoubtedly the driving power in this pact was Turkey. If we follow the lines of Turkish policy since the War, it becomes clear that Turkish foreign policy always follows a line laid down by the Soviet Union, on which Turkey is strategically dependent to a large degree. When the first Russo-Italian rapprochement occurred in 1926 and these two Powers signed their first trade agreement, Turkey hastened to come to a positive understanding with Italy, which presently became one of the most important supporters of the new Turkey, along with Russia. Shortly after the Franco-Russian rapprochement another change occurred. Since the summer of 1933, Turkey, through its Foreign Minister Tevfik Rüstü Bey, began to move over into the anti-revisionist camp. The Balkan Pact therefore not only has an important silent partner to the west, it seems to have another important partner in the east, the Soviet Union.

Thus developments in southeastern Europe foreshadow the new alignment that is forming. We have already referred to the fact that the Soviet Union has gradually identified itself with the anti-revisionist group of Powers, but Russia has not yet entered into close relationship with the League of Nations, which it used to oppose so bitterly. Early in January Stalin departed from his usual custom of not talking with foreign diplomats or press representatives and gave an interview to a correspondent of the *New York Times* that is worth quoting. The inaccessible ruler of the Kremlin was asked by the American journalist whether the attitude of the Soviet Union toward the League of Nations was exclusively negative. 'We do not always and in all conditions take a negative attitude toward the League. Perhaps you do not quite understand our viewpoint. Despite the withdrawal of Germany and Japan from the League,—or perhaps because of it,—the League may well become to a certain extent a brake to retard or prevent military actions. If that is so, if the League proves to be a small barrier, somewhat to slow down the drive for war and help peace, then we are not against the League. In fact, should historical events take this course, it is not excluded that we should support the League, despite its colossal deficiencies.'

The forces that support the present alignment of Europe have been strengthened by the changed position of the Soviet Union. The rôle that Russia has again begun to play in southeastern Europe should not be ignored. The Little Entente kept postponing the recognition of the Soviet Union and

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resumption of diplomatic relations, and for that reason Italy's satellites, Hungary and now Bulgaria, have resumed diplomatic relations with Moscow. Budapest and Sofia consider that they have scored an important success by getting ahead of the Little Entente.

Russian policy in western Europe seems to be firmly established, at least for the near future. The only question is whether a frankly Right-wing government in France such as may succeed the Doumergue Cabinet at any moment will turn against the pro-Russian policy of the Radical Socialists. At the moment Herriot, as well as Tardieu, occupies a seat in the French cabinet of national concentration. Moscow regards Herriot as a sure guarantee of a pro-Russian policy. It is significant, however, that André Tardieu's new book, *L'heure de la décision*, hardly contains a word about Russia.

French domestic policy seems to have undergone a shift. The Doumergue Cabinet is merely a temporary stop-gap. The average age of its members is about sixty-five, and the Prime Minister, the Foreign Minister, the Finance Minister, and the War Minister are all seventy years or over. The French veterans who protested against Daladier, against the 'system,' against the Palais-Bourbon have been shamefully deceived. The new cabinet represents the vested interests of the country. André Tardieu states in his new book that the Chamber no longer represents certain parties but that it contains 275 representatives of the automobile industry, 230 of the wine-growing industry, 175 of the aviation industry, and 220 defenders of the export industry. But Tardieu himself is nothing more nor less than the representative of the French armament industry. He is distinguished only by his skill at stating openly what everybody knows and thus giving the appearance of standing beyond good and evil.

IV

Before the Stavisky scandal broke I had written an article showing that no fundamental change of system could be expected from the Right-wing parties of France. The events of February seem to support this thesis. Whoever may have pulled the wires behind the scenes during the bloody uprisings in Paris, the present crisis of the system cannot be solved by routine politicians. Unquestionably, the trend of popular opinion in France is moving toward the Left. Nevertheless, the present cabinet is headed by Gaston Doumergue, the representative of Schneider-Creusot and the friend of the Right-wing parties. As far as the future of Europe is concerned, this fact is likely to lead to the following consequences:—

Relations between England and France, which remained friendly under five different Left-wing governments, will be subjected to various strains. It would be naïve to assume that there will be really fundamental differences between France and England, but it will no longer be possible to speak of a united front. The disarmament dispute illustrates this point, for the last French reply to the German offer ran directly counter to the very realistic plan that England had previously advanced. French policy cannot fail to make England hold more aloof from continental problems, as she has already done in the Austrian question. Tardieu with Doumergue in his wake

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would have been glad to begin by adopting a positive pro-Italian policy. But, as we have already seen, the conflicts in southeastern Europe, and especially in Austria, stand in their way. France is gradually being forced into a position of comparative isolation. It is improbable that Herriot's ideas will sway the cabinet. Because of the failure of their domestic policies the Radical Socialists are being thrust into the background.

The inner conflicts in the Doumergue Cabinet are so great and the tasks that a cabinet of national concentration in France now faces are so far-reaching that the programme Tardieu has outlined in his new book seems unlikely to be accomplished. Tardieu sets out from the sound position that the legislature in France has become stronger than the executive. He then argues that a reformed constitution must give the government and the president a freer hand and limit the powers of the Chamber. But his demand that the president and the cabinet should be able to dissolve the Chamber is not likely to be realized. Tardieu's programme has too many resemblances to Brüning's emergency plan: it's a patchwork job.

Because neither the Doumergue régime nor any Tardieu government can solve the problems of French domestic policy, French foreign policy is bound to encounter serious obstacles. The Quai d'Orsay's plans of operation are concentrated in three political battlefields—the Saar Valley, the disarmament question, and Austria. It was no accident that the president of the Saar region dispatched a new petition to the League of Nations three days after the civil war had begun in Vienna announcing that he needed an international militia to maintain order. In the coming months we may anticipate that the various cogwheels of French foreign policy will again come into conflict.

The terrible bloodshed in Austria occurred only because the foreign Powers that controlled Dollfuss and the Social Democrats poured oil on the flames. What the neutral countries feared at that time was clearly revealed in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* of February 20, in which the alarmed citizens of Switzerland were informed that there is 'no likelihood that Austria will be invaded by foreign troops. The Austrian cabinet has definitely refused to discuss such an eventuality.'

Such is the situation. Germany is at peace, but Europe is in a state of fever. As Adolf Hitler has shown not only in his speeches but in the treaty with Poland, there is no European problem that cannot be solved peacefully. This is especially true of the Austrian situation, the ready solution of which lies at hand. The fact that England realizes this gives us courage to hope that other Powers will not conspire to stimulate an artificial conflict still further.

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This essay in praise of play points out that the mammals—especially man—are distinguished from other forms of life by their inveterate love of play.

Animals *and* PLAY

By H. E. Mellersh

From the *New Statesman and Nation*
London Independent Weekly of the Left

Animals' capacity for play is easily their characteristic most endearing to ourselves. If they did not gambol, did not imitate, make believe, obviously overflow in spirit, there would be fewer zoos and fewer visitors to them, fewer cats at the fireside, dogs in kennels, and birds behind the window. Play of animals touches our hearts.

And, conversely, it is probably for the same reason that most of us have no great affection for fishes, or lizards, or snakes, nor feel anything but intense dislike for that large, grim, silent phylum that comprises the crabs and lobsters, the spiders and scorpions, and all the insects, and is called Arthropoda. I have often come away from the insect house at the zoo with a feeling of real nausea and wondered what it was that disgusted, depressed, and even half frightened me. Positively, I think, it is their slow, reasonless, undivertible intentness. But what is it, negatively? What do they lack? One might say they lacked a sense of humor and be stating a rather obvious, but still somehow relevant, fact. But one probably could not do better than say: they never play.

This division of the forms of life into those that can, and do, play and those that do not, and cannot, is, in fact, an important and significant one. Only mammals and birds play—the warm-blooded creatures. And it is the warm-blooded creatures whose lives are by far the least guided by instinct: there is the significant connection. A German, Karl Groos, was the first to stress and satisfactorily explain this connection. And he did it so well that although his book, *Play of Animals*, was first published in 1897, it is still not superseded—Wells and Huxley, for example, in their *Science of Life* call it a classic.

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The insect, it is pointed out by Groos, is marvelously complete with instincts; it has practically nothing to learn. The mosquito can fly perfectly —and sting perfectly—as soon as it has changed from that eagerly wriggling larva, hanging head downward from the surface of the water, and has squeezed out from its sheath and dried its wings; the bee can build her cells, always hexagonal, can perform the honey dance to inform her mates of a new store found, all without learning.

But with birds and mammals it is different; the inherited memory is not there, those incredibly specialized brain tracks do not exist. Indeed, it is only with a great effort that we can realize how much of the elementary art of keeping alive we humans have had to learn. A scientist had spectacles made for himself that inverted everything and another pair that changed all he looked at from left to right. In either case the most elementary movements, such as feeding himself, he had to relearn.

The advantage, then, from this reasoning would seem at first sight to be with those forms of life so well equipped with particular instincts. And yet we all know that the skill of the mammal, his power to reason and to adjust his action finely in an emergency, is an infinitely more useful possession than the most perfect set of particular, but unadaptable, instincts. The only question is: how does the mammal acquire this skill, this power of reasoned and delicate response?

And the answer is, of course, play. So Karl Groos, with much detail, pointed out. He called play an instinct in itself—one generalized instinct in substitution for a great number of particular ones. He showed in strict Darwinian fashion how the possession of such a generalized instinct would have a 'survival value.' If you have acquired no complete set of cut-and-dried answers to the problems of life but only a single urge to find out the answers for yourself, then you have set a premium at once upon intelligence. And, since intelligence is without question nature's most powerful weapon for progress, those who use intelligence will win the race from those who do not.

Karl Groos quotes innumerable examples to prove his point that play is for the young an instinct—is, that is to say, a definite urge. Before his time the 'surplus-energy' theory of play had been generally considered satisfactory, the idea that play was merely an ebullition of 'animal spirits.' Groos grants that such a bubbling over is often there—but points out that it by no means need be so. The puppies who lie panting at each other and then are at their mock battle again, though they are with painful obviousness still exhausted; the child who is too tired to walk home but will run and skip and forget its fatigue if a game is made of it all—such examples show how the instinct to play inexorably pushes the young on. A rather startling proposition, in fact, caps his theory: youth, he says, exists in mammals (in contrast to its relative non-existence in cold-blooded creatures) just so that they can play. Young mammals do not play because they are young; they are young so that they may play.

And what is play? It is mimicry and make-believe. It is, biologically speaking, a practice of powers that have

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appeared in a crude form early in life, so that when they are needed later they may already be near perfection. It is not enough for the grown animal to have the simple and unelaborated instinct to fight or to fly in an emergency; he must have practised those responses assiduously. The necessity for mimicry, therefore,—mimicry of one's elders,—is obvious.

But the need for make-believe is essential, too. For the real situation either will not, or cannot, be allowed to arrive in youth. The kitten must needs be able to pretend to itself that the paper is the live mouse before it can acquire the skill to catch one; the hare must learn to be fleet and nimble without a real carnivore after it every time. And so we begin to see how the enormous power to make believe arrives in us humans. It has again a 'survival value'; it is a part of us, it is a fundamental instinct. Our theatre and our arts come (*via* the meetings, and ceremonies, and solemn dances of primitive man) from this manifestation of the mammal's necessary urge to play.

And though that is an old story, perhaps it has not been pondered upon quite enough. Karl Groos pondered upon it further and came to the conclusion that there was an added inducement to make believe in the 'freedom' that it gave. In real life we are too often the playthings of the opposing forces about us. But in make-believe it is ourselves who are always the masters, who *make things happen*. Life, in fact, is too real—and so play is earnest. All of us—all of us warm-blooded animals—love to feel that we are the prime movers of something, however trivial; we love to 'work our own sweet will.' And so the little boy knocks the snow off the wall as he passes, the little bear tears up paper, the young ape delights to drum, the parrot knocks over the water in his cage. We all (says Karl Groos) find joy in 'being a cause'—we all, as the psychoanalysts say now, love to exert the power instinct.

II

Man, however, loves to play and make believe through all his life; there we are different from the other mammals who do not seem much driven by the play instinct once they are grown up. And here we may leave our German scientist, who has little to say on adult play except that we continue naturally what we have found so pleasant in our youth. Later naturalists have differentiated adult play and called it 'sportive play'—the desire to use up energy and to exercise pent-up skill in as thrilling a manner as possible.

It is the birds who, besides ourselves, play most when they are no longer young. And it is the birds who are excitable creatures, have a blood heat even above our own, and have another element and another dimension in which to sport. Even yet the stunters at our air pageants have not rivaled the thrills the birds sometimes give themselves. (And there is an amusing and almost pathetic story of those solemn birds, the penguins, giving themselves ecstatic joy-rides on pack-ice drifting in a current.)

And yet man is the supreme grown-up play addict. The urge has, in fact, become most elaborated in him, the most elaborated creation. It may be caused by many desires, seemingly contradictory, but all arising

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from that original generalized instinct of the warm-blooded. We may play from a desire to practise and 'keep fit,' from a desire to turn from difficult reality to pleasant make-believe, a desire to exercise power and skill, a desire for excitement, a desire to achieve thrills. And, since leisure is becoming an increasing factor in our world, perhaps increasingly by our play we shall know ourselves; to tell which of those desires has produced a society's typical play may well be to put a finger on the pulse of that society's well-being. . . .

And, after a recent visit to the London zoo, I have felt, personally, that of those causes for play, human as well as merely mammalian, the desire for excitement was more potent than perhaps any scientist had allowed. There are caged together in Regent's Park a gibbon and a tree kangaroo. These two mammals could hardly be farther apart in evolution's scale,—the marsupial and the primate,—certainly they would never naturally have met. And yet they play together with the utmost good humor. The kangaroo can always hold his own. But it is the gibbon who is the more agile and, rather obviously I think, the keener on the sport. He uses the kangaroo's tail as a handle, as a thing to swing on. He teases. And he is pathetically anxious to play. He will wait so patiently whilst the kangaroo thinks of something else; he so wants, in fact, a little excitement. Watching him, I was reminded irresistibly of that human phrase, to be heard from housewife and even husband, equally in slum and suburb, 'It will,' they say hopefully, encouragingly, and perennially, 'well, it will be a bit of a change.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

WER EINMAL AUS DEM BLECHNAPF FRISST. *By Hans Fallada. Berlin: Rowohlt Verlag. 1934.*

(From the *Berliner Tageblatt*)

'IN THIS novel the author throws light on supposedly humane punishments whose absurd, grotesque, lamentable consequences are described in these pages, although such punishments exist no more. While the author was writing his book, this aspect of Germany underwent a change.'

With these words Hans Fallada introduces his new book, but he also says what he thinks of the future. 'No humanitarian talk in behalf of prisoners but work for those who have served their time, no futile professional condescension but understanding, no superiority but merely an opportunity—and this should be underlined—for the prisoner to show what he can do.' This is the only message in the book, for this is not a novel with a purpose. Fallada does not schematize, moralize, or draw conclusions. He is not in the least sentimental. He convicts nothing and nobody. To quote his own words: 'As in *Bauern, Bonzen und Bomben* and in *Kleiner Mann*, the author merely describes what he saw, not what ought to be. That and nothing else seems to be his task.'

Only that which he saw, only that, and this time he has really done it. *Kleiner Mann, was nun?* was a little bit prettified here and there. It was not entirely natural. There were a few barely perceptible concessions to the taste of the reader, especially the woman reader. Here, however, there is not a touch of decoration. Here is the naked face of life smeared with sweat, blood, and filth.

Willi Kufalt, the 'hero' of this story, a petty criminal, comes out of prison, in which he has undergone his own little dumb sufferings. He tries to become an honest man again but comes to grief in the hostile loveless world around him and suffers from his own inertia and that of others. He remains an ex-criminal, emerges with singed wings to a freedom that gives him no opportunity for life, and returns to the warm atmosphere of the prison, which has become a kind of home to him. Anyone who has spent time in jail is in danger of returning there again: 'whoever has eaten off an iron plate'—to quote the title—will always find himself spooning his soup from the same receptacle. The bourgeois world keeps putting the ex-convict back into isolation, and the underworld grips the man who would escape from it with a thousand tentacles. More terrible than the *marche ou crève* slogan of the Foreign Legion is the terrible alternative constantly ringing in the ears of the released prisoner: 'Either come along with me, share the loot, and give me what you have, or I'll squeal on you and send you back to where you came from.'

Conducted by Fallada we visit the wretched shattered world of Willi Kufalt, whose good will is constantly being overwhelmed by his own weakness and by all the horrors of poverty and illness. We visit wretched suburbs

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where Sundays are even more painful than weekdays. We make our way through the Hamburg underworld, squares, offices, furnished rooms, and we keep returning to streets at night, ugly streets filled with desperate and defeated men. It is an infinitely disheartening journey with prison at the end and the beginning, but the intensity of the description, Fallada's delicate interweaving of exterior events and inner experience, his extraordinary art of dialogue, his capacity to make everyday affairs incredibly exciting make this story a great one.

It is a good thing that this book was written, and it is certain that it will find many enthusiastic readers, though perhaps not so many as *Kleiner Mann*. Yet the book is a kind of idyl in spite of its misery, pain, and tears. Readers who prefer the story of Willi Kufalt to that of Pinneberg and Bunny may find themselves reminded of Fallada's great novel about Schleswig-Holstein, entitled *Bauern, Bonzen und Bomben*, which is unfortunately all too little known. But those who esteem Fallada's realistic descriptions of quiet nooks and obscure people and who are most impressed by the episode describing Willi Kufalt's penal servitude will take heart, for he has just finished a new peasant novel entitled *Wir hatten mal ein Kind*.

One short word in conclusion. Publishers and writers of novels are complaining that there is a lack of material because a great many themes of a political, social, and critical character that used to be cultivated are out of the question now that our life in Germany has taken such a new turn. But the example of Fallada shows that the great 'old' themes of joy and sorrow and human companionship still exist and can still be used as long as there is an author left who understands real material and knows how to create human beings accurately, truly, without propaganda, and without being affected by superior criticism. Any good fellow who knows how to wield a pen understands what is moral, and the moral, in the highest sense of the word, is also the social and the national.

After Strange Gods. *By T. S. Eliot. London: Faber and Faber. 1934.*

(From *Life and Letters*, London)

THERE is a curious note of despair in Mr. T. S. Eliot's three lectures to the University of Virginia, which he has published with the sub-title of a *Primer of Modern Heresy*. It is as though he had become suddenly aware of isolation, of the degree of stubbornness with which his former followers were determined to prefer the chance manna of the waste land to any grape harvests from Canaan—'in our time, controversy seems to me, on really fundamental matters, to be futile.'

A curious note, because the overwhelming importance of Mr. Eliot as a moralist arises from the fact that he does not stand alone, that he has a church behind him. Compared with that authority his kinship with his great American predecessors, Henry Adams and Henry James, is a small thing, though it may appeal to those who are readier to accept the dogmas of a critic than of a church. These three writers have examined the decay of the religious tradition in the modern world with an equal integrity, but Mr. Eliot has been enabled to proceed further than his predecessors by not remaining outside the Church.

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Henry Adams saw clearly enough: 'Of all the conditions of his youth that afterward puzzled the grown-up man, this disappearance of religion puzzled him most,' but the sight helped him to nothing better than a peculiarly hopeless historical theory. Henry James reacted in the same direction as Mr. Eliot: 'We had all the fun of license, while the truth seemed really to be that fun in the religious connection closely depended on bondage'; but he stopped short where Rowland Mallet in *Roderick Hudson* stopped short, with the wonder 'whether it be that one tacitly concedes to the Roman Church the monopoly of a guarantee of immortality, so that if one is indisposed to bargain with her for the precious gift one must do without it altogether.' It remained for Mr. Eliot to be explicit over the remedy: 'The world is trying the experiment of attempting to form a civilized but non-Christian mentality. The experiment will fail; but we must be very patient in awaiting its collapse, meanwhile redeeming the time, so that the faith may be preserved alive through the dark ages before us to renew and rebuild civilization and save the world from suicide.' (*Thoughts after Lambeth*)

The three lectures in *After Strange Gods* are very short; indeed, they are too short for Mr. Eliot to approach his subject—the effect on literature of this decay of religious tradition—with due caution. The very perfection of his critical prose (and we must go back to Dryden to find a style so exactly ordered and free from extraneous ornament) throws into relief the startling orthodoxy of his criticism, his discussion of heresy and diabolical influence in contemporary literature. 'I am afraid that even if you can entertain the notion of a positive power for evil working through human agency, you may still have a very inaccurate notion of what evil is and will find it difficult to believe that it may operate through men of genius of the most excellent character. I doubt whether what I am saying can convey very much to anyone for whom the doctrine of original sin is not a very real and tremendous thing.'

His first two lectures are little more than introductions to this theme. In his first he defines his use of the term tradition as 'all those habitual actions, habits, and customs, from the most significant religious rite to our conventional way of greeting a stranger, which represent the blood kinship of "the same people living in the same place."' Unity of religious background is needed for the proper development of a tradition, and, to preserve what is valuable in tradition, to make it a dynamic and not a static way of life, he postulates continuous criticism under the supervision of orthodoxy, orthodoxy being a matter of the conscious intelligence, while tradition is a way of 'feeling and acting.'

In his second lecture he deals with the crippling effect upon men of letters of not having been brought up in the environment of a living and central tradition, examining for this purpose the poetry of Mr. Yeats and Mr. Pound and short stories by D. H. Lawrence and Katherine Mansfield. But it is when Mr. Eliot reaches in his last lecture the subject of diabolical influence, of the operations of the evil spirit that one is aware among his audience of a shocked agnosticism. Mr. Eliot has never made any secret of his faith. To be a Catholic (in Mr.

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Eliot's case an Anglo-Catholic) is to believe in the Devil, and why, if the Devil exists, he should not work through contemporary literature, it is hard to understand. It may be objected (with doubtful truth) that this is not æsthetic criticism, but Mr. Eliot writes, 'I am uncertain of my ability to criticize my contemporaries as artists; I ascended the platform of these lectures only in the rôle of moralist.' Moral criticism, indeed, if one accepts the truth of Christianity at all, is of far greater importance than literary criticism, which is concerned only with refining the intellectual pleasures, while moral criticism is concerned with the saving of souls.

That statement is not likely to appeal to a large proportion of those concerned with literature; an appeal to humanitarianism, to the salvation of the body, will win more support. And that appeal is implicit, too, in Mr. Eliot's criticism of such writers as Lawrence who claim an inner light, who waken men to spiritual experience and then cram them with some religious concoction of their own making. 'Most people are only a very little alive; and to awaken them to the spiritual is a very great responsibility: it is only when they are so awakened that they are capable of real good, but that at the same time they become first capable of evil.' It is too early to see the result of Lawrence's hysterical religious beliefs on his followers, and Mr. Eliot might have reinforced his case with the example of Laurence Oliphant, an earlier writer of talent, whose trust in the inner light broke up two lives and led to one suicide. Humanitarians are more nearly touched by a death than a damnation.

The elaboration of an individual morality, in place of a moral order directed and modified by a church, the expression, in Mr. Eliot's phrase, of 'seductive personalities,' cannot be excused by sensibility of style. The greater the writer the more dangerous his uncontrolled personality becomes. Mr. Eliot has here dealt with two writers only, Lawrence and Hardy. To them might be added a poet who has perhaps passed the dangerous peak of his popularity, Mr. A. E. Housman, with his Roman morality and his cult of suicide and despair. But, if these are cases of diabolic influence, the curious thing is that the Devil is after all not given the best tunes. It is in Hardy's rather absurd short stories, in Lawrence's tedious cult of dark gods, in Mr. Housman's crude adjurations to 'be a man stand up and end you' that we trace the expression of the unregenerate personality. Lawrence's lovely 'Ship of Death,' Hardy's 'Surview' (to take one of a score of examples), the penultimate poem of Mr. Housman's *Last Poems* might all have been written under the supervision of the strictest orthodoxy. The unregenerate personality, 'the hot breath and the roused passion' of James's story, the 'Jolly Corner,' is in James's phrase blatant, vulgar, and Mr. Eliot is not strictly orthodox when he writes in a criticism of Mr. Pound's *Draft of XXX Cantos:* 'A Hell altogether without dignity implies a Heaven without dignity also.' The unregenerate personality, checked by no outside order and free from any but self-criticism, *is* without dignity and works, as in Marlowe's tragedies, with squibs and firecrackers. The saving grace that once marked Cain's brow almost eliminates the distinction between morals

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and æsthetics and makes it unnecessary for Mr. Eliot to disclaim in these lectures the rôle of literary critic.

STUDIES FRENCH AND ENGLISH. *By F. L. Lucas. London: Cassell and Company. 1934.*

(From the *Times* Literary Supplement, London)

IN SOME very sensible remarks on the business of reviewing Mr. Lucas observes: 'The reader wants, first and above all, to gather what he will himself think of the book. What is it like? Shall I like it?—not what some reviewer thinks. It follows that to him an inch of quotation is worth an ell of opinion.' Let us then begin by saying what the reader will find in Mr. Lucas's collection of essays. First, a comparison of French with English literature—or, rather, of the French with the English character as they show themselves in the literatures of the two countries. Then, a study of two 'Poets of the Peasantry'—one, Langland, belonging to the Middle Ages, the other, Hesiod, to antiquity; two studies of Renaissance France—on Ronsard and Montaigne; two slighter sketches of the English seventeenth century, George Herbert and Dorothy Osborne; then an appreciation of Crabbe, whence Mr. Lucas skips, by way of the Beddoes, strange father and stranger son, to 'The Modern World,' a section consisting of essays on Flaubert, Proust, and modern criticism. The volume ends with an epilogue on 'Silence,' its use as a poetic theme and as a poetic device.

Mr. Lucas's range, it will be seen, is not confined to the literature of any single age or country, and his familiarity with the classics of France and England, Greece and Rome, has not prevented him from taking an equal interest in living writers. Nor has his preoccupation with literature itself cut him off from the world around him: he is fully conscious of the 'social forces,' the Communisms and the Hitlerisms, which to-day threaten literature as well as life. The answer to the question, 'What is his book like?' can best be indicated by stressing the union of wit with learning, solid sense with quick sensibility, which characterizes his writing. Mr. Lucas seems to regard literature (it is a strange heresy nowadays) as something to be enjoyed and something the enjoyment of which can be increased by specialized study of books and of the men who wrote them. He is at his best in this collection when he is dealing with life and character as well as literary achievement. His studies, partly biographical, of Montaigne and Ronsard leave a deeper impression than his appreciations of Crabbe and Herbert, and his amusing account of that neglected figure, Dr. Beddoes, holds the attention more closely than his tribute, graceful and just though it is, to the poetry of his son, 'the last Elizabethan.' Flaubert and Proust give him an admirable opportunity to exercise the full range of his gifts, for they were writers intensely interested in art and writers on whose work a knowledge of their life and personality throws a revealing light.

If Mr. Lucas is to be criticized at all it is because his diction is at times a shade too elegant, his thought a shade too felicitous. When his prose leaves the high road of scholarship and of instruction it is not always because strong personal feeling or opinion forces Mr. Lucas off the beaten track, but sometimes, one suspects, because

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the writer is consciously in search of flowers. Perhaps this aspect of his writing may be epitomized by recalling the title of his first essay, 'Sweet Enemy,' or such a passage as the following:—

'It is, indeed, only when silence becomes beautiful that it becomes really interesting to us now. Yet how often that is! But it is the poets who have found it out; even the rhythm of their verses, in a way of its own, puts into practice their discovery. The music, the sonority, the trumpet calls and organ notes of poetry we all know: we think less often of its gracious silences. The poet rises—*conticuere omnes*, a hush falls round him.'

Such a passage reminds us of Pater just enough to leave us dissatisfied. Yet complaint is captious, for, if Mr. Lucas sometimes writes a little too well, at least he never writes otherwise than well, and his most delicate passages rest on a basis of exact learning.

In three respects Mr. Lucas rises preëminent from the crowd of contemporary critics—in his care for style, dignity, and grace in his method of presentment; in his learning in the literature of several languages; and in the balance and sanity of his judgment. There is a school of critics writing to-day who avowedly find interest only in the unprecedented, in that in which each age differs from its predecessors, and who must at all costs say about literature of a past age something that has never been said before. Such a taste indicates that those who profess it themselves lack vitality and the power of appreciation. Mr. Lucas is, above all things, himself alive, and his power of appreciation is accordingly broad. In his chapter on 'Modern Criticism' he collects some of the contorted judgments, symptoms of a distempered attitude, that have received the *imprimatur* of accepted critics. Mr. Lucas does not spare these efforts, and he is witty and amusing at the expense of those who, directly or indirectly, are responsible for criticism of this kind. Equally effective is the implied condemnation that such criticism receives by standing side by side with work of at least equal acumen, greater learning, and better judgment. Mr. Lucas's learning is never ostentatious, never dull; his enthusiasm is never vapid, never forced. What is the secret of his success? It is explained in a large measure by what he says retrospectively in his last essay: 'I wrote of what I enjoyed.' These essays will communicate his enjoyment to others.

LA PENSÉE CHINOISE. *By Marcel Granet. Paris: La Renaissance du livre. 1934.*

(Roger Lévy in the *Europe Nouvelle*, Paris)

AN IMPORTANT book saw the light of day in February, 1934. It required thirty years of study, seven of which were no doubt devoted to editing, before it could appear in the Library of Historic Synthesis. This *Chinese Thought* is a sort of summary.

The reading of these six hundred pages will no doubt seem difficult and esoteric to the average person who has no scientific knowledge of China. This will not, however, keep him from realizing that by methodically investigating many sources and analyzing innumerable texts, the author has been able to define ideas that are

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essential to an understanding of China —to an understanding of contemporary China in its political and economic aspects. Since this review does not aim to criticize but to inform, we should like to arouse curiosity and focus attention by quotation. *Chinese Thought* is divided into four parts:—

1. The expression of thought. We know that the language, the writing, the style, and the rhythm of Chinese are absolutely different from those of the West.

2. Controlling ideas. Time and space; the *Yin* and the *Yang*; numbers; cyclical signs and mystic emblems; numbers and musical relations; numbers and architectural proportions; the functions of numbers in classification and arrangement; the *Tao*.

3. The world system. The macrocosm and the microcosm; the Etiquette.

4. Sects and schools. Tenets of government and public welfare; tenets of sanctity; Confucian orthodoxy.

One historical fact should be noted. *Chinese Thought*, like its predecessor, *Chinese Civilization*, does not include the ancient history of China, which came to a close with the Han dynasty and extended from the tenth to the third century B.C.

For the expression of thought, Chinese 'has remarkable force . . . a language that is both crude and refined, both concrete and teeming with action. One feels that it was born of swordplay between shrewd desires.'

Moreover, language in China is an emblematic reality that has control over phenomena. 'Man and nature are not two separate signs but form a society that is unique and single.' Thus at every holiday all the actors try to collaborate with nature, as was the custom of their ancestors. 'A word is not a simple sign but an emblem . . . the *mot juste* is not a term with clear and distinct meaning but an expression in which all the force of solicitation and demand bursts forth.'

If we turn our attention to the categories to which the West has become accustomed,—time and space,—we realize that China never conceives of time and space 'independently of the concrete actions that they produce as complexes of solid emblems and independently of the modifications that may be wrought on these complexes by means of emblems that are intended to isolate them.' Chinese philosophy is dominated by the ideas of *Yin* and *Yang*, which are used to denote the antithetical and concrete aspects of time. 'They also denote the antithetical and concrete aspects of space. The opposition between *Yin* and *Yang* is not an absolute one, such as the opposition between being and non-being, or good and evil. *Yin* and *Yang* are primarily dominated by the concept of rotation. The father is *Yang*, but the son, who is *Yin* in relation to his father, is *Yang* in relation to his own sons.'

The chapter dealing with numbers, which seems to us the most extraordinary one in the book, must have required very slow, patient, and subtle research. For in Chinese philosophy, numbers, too, are merely emblems. 'The Chinese never see in them absolute and restrictive signs of quantity.' The explanation is clear. One of the fundamental traits of Chinese thought is stressed as follows: 'An extreme respect for numerical symbols is combined with extreme indifference toward any quantitative concept.'

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Thus, all the great systems of classification are related to the number three, the perfect number. And in China these classifications have absolute power over every detail of thought and life. 'Far from trying to make numbers into abstract signs of quantity, the Chinese use them to express form or to estimate the value of certain groupings.'

The conclusion of the chapter quotes an ancient author in order to shed further light on this qualitative concept of numbers. The action takes place in a war council. The leader is lured on by the desire to fight, but he must first win over his aids and take their advice. Twelve generals, including the commander-in-chief, take part in the council. Opinion is divided. Three chiefs refuse to fight. Eight want to go to war. The latter are the majority, and they proclaim it loudly. But the opinion that is supported by eight people cannot triumph over the opinion that is supported by three. For three is almost unanimity, which is a far greater thing than majority. The commander will not fight. He changes his mind. The opinion to which he gives his assent thereby becomes a unanimous opinion. This striking example is sufficient to show the importance of the number three.

Let us remark briefly that the *Tao* indicates a path to be followed and a way of life. The *Tao* is reminiscent of the most regular and the highest form of conduct, the behavior of the sage or the sovereign. One hesitates to mention this or that aspect of Chinese thought, beginning with Confucius or Mo Tzû, which have been studied and, we may say, carefully stripped of their rough bark. We must be content here to underline with a profane hand those aspects that appear most striking to the Western imagination. From the few pages that conclude the book let me simply recall that Chinese thought and civilization imply a certain understanding of life, a certain wisdom. In ancient China, the only sacred beings were the sages, and the gods were in no way transcendent. Fascinated by the concrete, the Chinese have no love for abstract symbols, and, finally, 'neither in nature nor in thought do we come upon true opposites but only opposition of aspects, which is the result of simple differences in position.' There are no successive phenomena—only alternating aspects.

All these observations make it possible for M. Granet to define China in four astonishing words, 'Neither God nor law.' These words start strange reverberations in us, but—we are told—all this pertains to the ancient China that has been abolished. To which we shall answer, according to M. Granet, that we have here the most massive and the most durable of known civilizations. Having spoken personally to Chinese students in Parisian universities with regard to these emblems, this Etiquette, these qualitative numbers, I have always received the same replies. 'It was all right for our ancestors. But for us it evokes nothing and means nothing.' It must be added, however, that a former director of a Franco-Chinese school tells me, 'My pupils, without being westernized, deny all relation to the past and the civilization of ancient China. But at dawn I sometimes find several of them practising the gestures and other expressions of the Etiquette.'

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THE SCIENCES AND SOCIETY

ELECTRIFICATION is the power behind every political and economic throne in the world to-day. The controlled turbulence of electrons, whether imprisoned within conductors or liberated in their billions under the influence of light, heat, and magnetism, promises to reduce the enormously wasteful turbulence of human effort to a minimum. Meanwhile, eminent Georgians like Sir Josiah Stamp, director of a great railroad noted for its electrification projects, peevishly clamor for a 'moratorium on inventions,' on the assumption, apparently, that it is not good for man to take his ease in a world that has had the better of him for something like half a million years. Devout psychologists like William M'Dougall stand aghast at a 'world chaos' naïvely attributed to the terrific acceleration of the physical sciences. He suggests as a remedy the cultivation of a 'science of the imponderables': by which he distinctly does *not* mean electricity, perhaps the least ponderable, most widely diffused, and versatile force in the entire universe.

IN HIS FARADAY lecture delivered in March before the British Institution of Electrical Engineers, Mr. Clifford C. Paterson talked in quite another vein. His subject, 'The Electrical Engineer and the Free Electron,' was designed to show the immense indebtedness of modern electrical science to the researches of physicists in the domain of the free electron (as contrasted with the bound electron known to us in the form of currents). 'Just as physiologists,' we quote from *Nature's* abstract of the lecture, 'learned that disease can be envisaged in terms of isolated germs and their life history, so the physicist found that electricity can be thought of in terms of the individual electron, its habits and affinities.'

'Free-electron engineering,' as Mr. Paterson describes it, gets its special value from the ease with which electron flows may be controlled through a wide range of conditions to produce a rich variety of effects. The secret lies in the fact that these infinitesimal carriers of energy, whether streaming in a vacuum or through gases, can be manipulated with such ease that the resulting electricity may be altered to any rate of speed, from the barely perceptible to frequencies of millions of times per second. Reversals or complete arrests can be managed with equal promptitude, and all sorts of complicated modulations are possible—in each case with virtually no limit to the amount of energy subject to the operator's control. In a thermionic valve (*thermos:* heat; *ion:* wanderer) the application of heat under the proper conditions and in the proper amounts permits electrons to escape from the surface of the conductor and thus to be manipulated in countless ways; in the photoelectric cell the same results are obtained by the impact of certain light waves upon a cathode coated with films of certain elements (potassium, rubidium, cæsium, or—for ultraviolet radiation—almost any metal); again streams of electrons are liberated and by suitable contrivances may be set to work counting automobiles on a toll bridge, opening doors, timing horse races, ringing alarms, detecting poisonous gases or smoke, checking coupons in a candy factory, and so on.

TO ILLUSTRATE the extraordinary versatility of the free electron Mr. Paterson took the case of a needle moving over a gramophone record. The sound vibrations resulting from this movement were converted into electrical impulses that, after being suitably amplified, were transmitted to the current in a luminous discharge lamp contained in a projector. The beam from this lamp, now carrying exactly equivalent modulations, passed across the room and was focused by a lens on a

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photoelectric cell. The liberation of electrons set up further electrical impulses that, upon amplification and passage through a loudspeaker, reached the ear as the identical music or sound registered, perhaps in a distant place, by the gramophone needle. Furthermore, by interrupting the beam of light it was possible either to stop or modify the music. Experiments of this type, simple as they are, clear the way for electrical developments the social implications of which would require another H. G. Wells to dramatize effectively. If mere sound or light waves, coming in contact with subtle instruments, can be made to release forces capable of performing work that once required either the ceaseless attention or physical labor of thousands of men, it becomes little short of puerile to defend the old Mosaic dictum of the 'dignity of labor' or to talk of science creating jobs, except in the sense of supervision, vigilance, and control.

ELECTRIFICATION OF INDUSTRY, as exemplified in England to-day, was well summarized in a recent issue of the London *Times Trade and Engineering Supplement* by D. N. Dunlop, a director of the British Electrical and Allied Manufacturers' Association and chairman of the recent World Power Conference held in Stockholm. Despite the relative backwardness of her electrification programme, Great Britain, in regard to her industries, is now about 70 per cent electrified, and this ratio is constantly growing. The variations range all the way from cotton weaving at 27 per cent to—rather significantly—the manufacture of small arms, 99 per cent electrified. The exceptionally low figure for the textile industries will suggest one reason for England's inability to grapple successfully with the problem of Japanese competition, although even this slight degree of electrification has resulted in a 20-per-cent increase in cotton-spinning and wool-manufacturing output.

ANALYZING THE SITUATION in other fields, Mr. Dunlop deplores the poor progress made in England's chaotic iron and steel industry where electric devices of all kinds might be expected to promote a very high efficiency. Nevertheless centralized power production and electric drive in metallurgical plants have made possible great flexibility of operation, to say nothing of the savings effected. The use of the electric furnace, in one or another of its various styles, has permitted the elimination of considerable human labor and provided an automatic control of the heating cycle unobtainable by any other means. In coal mining electrification has not reached anything like the degree of thoroughness characteristic of the industry in the United States; in shipbuilding, mechanical and electrical engineering, the automobile and aircraft industries, the situation is much better, and the use of electricity on the farm is also growing.

Comparing methods of electrical operation with other forms of industrial development, Mr. Dunlop classifies the advantages of the former as follows: (1) ease of control; (2) centralized control of the power plant of the whole factory; (3) greater reliability of electric mains and machinery compared with steam-engine-driven plant; (4) saving of floor space owing to compactness of machine and driving motor, particularly when the motor is built in; (5) better appearance and lighting of factory due to absence of overhead shafting belts; (6) use of safety devices impossible with belt drive—particularly important in rubber mills; (7) exact measurement of current consumption, permitting very close cost estimates.

It is expected that, with the completion of Great Britain's National Grid system, electrification, both industrial and domestic, will proceed at a rate comparable to that of the United States and Canada.

THE NATIONAL GRID is Great Britain's version on a country-wide scale of the Tennessee Valley Authority in the United States. Commenced in 1926, with

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the passage of the Electricity Supply Act, its primary purpose was, and is, to coördinate in one huge network the physical equipment and electric production of some 666 public-supply undertakings scattered throughout the country and operating within wide ranges of cost. These enterprises, controlling about 60 per cent of the entire output (12,000,000,000 kilowatt-hours annually, approximately one-eighth of 'normal' consumption in this country), were subjected to drastic reorganization, including the reduction of superfluous plant, interconnection of remaining plants for the purpose of equalizing the load in the territory covered, and the construction of secondary systems to carry current to outlying districts. Under this ambitious scheme the whole of Great Britain was divided into ten main areas, each of which was to have its battery of generating stations capable of transmitting current at 132,000 volts, with a maximum of 50,000 kilowatts in one circuit from one part of the system to another. At the beginning of September, 1933, less than six years after placing the initial contract, the scheme as above outlined was completed.

Writing on the 'Economic Background' of the National Grid in a special number of the *Architectural Review* (London), Hugh Quigley thus summarizes the 'four major developments that have coincided to force into prominence the demand for planning and rational control':—

(1) The progress of mechanization that by reducing employment in the heavy industries (shipbuilding, iron and steel, mining, etc.) necessitates the encouragement of smaller enterprises in outlying districts, thus leading to a decentralization whose social effects may prove far-reaching.

(2) By altering the whole tempo of production, electrification of industry has also profoundly changed the relationship between labor and the means of production. The development of electric power, increasing in England from 20 per cent before the War to more than 70 per cent at present, proceeds quite independently of business conditions (compare with the similar conclusion reached by Messrs. Alford and Hannum, as discussed in this department last month), thus necessitating some kind of deliberate control.

(3) As a result of the combined influences of mechanization and electrification, industry has become very mobile, in the sense that it need no longer be restricted to certain areas as determined by local fuel and water supply. Electric transport further encourages this mobility by providing a swift and relatively inexpensive method of obtaining raw materials and distributing the finished product.

(4) The electricity-supply industry developed in response to all of the above economic imperatives. By 1933 it represented, in England, a capitalization of nearly 400 million pounds, invested in an extensive, if uncoördinated, network of generating stations, transmission lines, and auxiliary equipment.

Mr. Quigley makes it clear that 'one first consequence (of electrification) has been emphasis on the necessity for town and regional planning, if only to ensure that the new industrial areas in the new townships arising from the shifting of population should be reasonably efficient and, as far as possible, in line with the harmonious development of the country; on the grouping of industries and services to ensure that they will be adequate to the demands of the new industrial régime; on the reorganization of the old industries to make certain that they will be strong enough to survive the changed world conditions; and, finally, on the intelligent utilization of the economic resources of the country.'

INTERESTING DATA on the consumption of electric power for domestic appliances are given in the same magazine in a section devoted to electricity in the kitchen. One kilowatt-hour of current will operate the following appliances for the length of time indicated:—

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Cooker	About 1 day per person
Kettle	1½ hours, or six boilings
Vacuum cleaner	4 hours
Washboiler	20 minutes
Toaster	2 hours
Immersion heater	2 hours
40-watt lamp	25 hours

The above list may be supplemented by another, prepared by officials of the Tennessee Valley Authority to encourage the further use of electricity for domestic uses. The kilowatt-hour also will operate:—

Vacuum sweeper	6¾ hours
Hand iron	1¾ "
Curling iron	47½ "
Table stove	2 "
Toaster	1¾ "
Grill	2¼ "
Percolator	2½ "
Heating pad	15½ "
Dish washer	4 "
Battery charger	10 "
Fan	22¼ "
40-watt lamp	25 "
Sewing machine	13 "
¼ horsepower motor	4 "

The whole question of the domestic use of electricity is bound up with what David E. Lilienthal, a director of the Tennessee Valley Authority, has described as 'a complete business stalemate' between the public utility companies, which have an oversupply of electricity to distribute at prohibitive rates, and the electric-appliance manufacturers, who cannot, because of these high rates for current, risk mass production of the devices the wide use of which—so the utilities claim—would automatically reduce the cost of power to the domestic consumer. This is one reason why the average annual per capita domestic consumption of electricity in the United States is about 600 kilowatt-hours—when the easily available supply would allow for upward of 1,000.

TO ENCOURAGE a greater use of electricity in the home there has been created, as a subsidiary of the Authority, a corporation known as the 'Electric Home and Farm Authority.' Quoting from an address by Mr. Lilienthal:—

'The plan, in brief, is as follows: the manufacturers of electrical equipment have indicated their willingness to participate in a programme of producing certain types of standard-quality, low-cost, electric-using appliances. These will be offered for sale by the existing outlets at prices very substantially lower than any heretofore known. These manufacturers will coöperate in certain research and educational activities designed to bring home to people of the area the most economical and most satisfying ways of using electricity in the home and on the farm. . . . The plan is expected to work about as follows: Mrs. Jones will go to an existing dealer in electrical appliances in her home town and select a model of one of four types of electrical equipment: refrigerator, electric range, water heater, and a typical piece of farm equipment such as portable motor or water pump. She will sign appropriate papers, and the dealer will transmit these papers to the Electric Home and Farm Authority, which will pay the dealer in cash, and the dealer's responsibility, except as to contingent credit losses, will be ended. Delivery will then be made to Mrs. Jones.'

Meanwhile, the ultimate consumer in this country, which is literally saturated with power, is very far from receiving his due. According to an analysis made in connection with the recently defeated St. Lawrence Waterway project, per capita use of electricity, which increased 75 per cent from 1920 to 1929, may be expected to increase by another 50 per cent by 1940. In the New York State area that could be served by the St. Lawrence project this would mean an increase in the annual power requirements from 14 billion to upward of 20 billion kilowatt-hours,—more than the present total for Great Britain,—and virtually the whole of this huge block of power could be obtained from the river that separates Canada from the United States.

—HAROLD WARD

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AS OTHERS SEE US

The Three Little Pigs in England

THE appearance of an English edition of Walt Disney's book, the *Three Little Pigs*, brought forth this criticism from Graham Greene in the London *Spectator*:—

These pigs are no longer quite so British, which is to say that they are no longer quite so piggish. The curled tails, the improvident flutings, the house of straw, and the house of twigs, and the house of brick have never been more tenderly portrayed, but the wolf never more brutally. This is the wolf of experience, not of dream; Wall Street smashes, financiers' suicides, the machine guns of the gangster are behind this wolf. Watch him outside the house of twigs, sitting in a basket, a sheepskin falling on either side of his ferocious muzzle like the wig of a Jeffreys: this is Justice, conniving at unjust executions and letting the gangster free. And watch him again outside the house of bricks in a rusty hat, in an overcoat, in a false yellow beard: 'I'm the Kleen-e-ze Brush man, I'm giving away free samples.' He is every share pusher personified, the man who knows of a new gold mine, a swell oil field.

But just because the whole story is more realistic than the English version, the American mind shrinks from the ruthless logical dénouement. The two improvident pigs are not swallowed by the wolf, they escape and take refuge with their brother in the brick house, and even the wolf escapes with a scalding. The wolf's escape, indeed, is the most American aspect of this transplanted tale. How often one has watched the methods of justice satirized upon the screen with a realism that would be impossible in England; yet nothing is done about it, the wolf escapes. The English story is the better one, to sacrifice two pigs that the third may live in safety, to sacrifice the improvident pigs that the provident pig may be remembered forever in his famous aphorism: 'The price of liberty is eternal vigilance.'

Knee Action

THE advertising ballyhoo that has accompanied the introduction of 'knee action' to the American automobiling public arouses irritation in England—witness these paragraphs from the *Saturday Review* of London:—

With their usual humility American motoring firms are proclaiming 'knee action' to be the greatest advance since the horseless carriage, which may or may not be true. But—what is more important—they infer that this suspension system is of entirely new and American origin.

The important point is that this new miracle did not originate in America at all, but in this country. The Alvis Car and Engineering Company as long ago as 1926 had cars in production with independent front-wheel spring and steering, and it is now incorporated in two of their largest and fastest models. Their designer, Mr. Smith Clarke, has probably spent more time than anyone else in perfecting this development, and, incidentally, the Alvis cars that did so well a few years ago in road racing were thus equipped. The old type of front-axle and track-rod steering is becoming increasingly difficult to make capable of competing with modern high speeds, and it is probable that the car of the future will not only have the front wheels independently sprung but all four wheels treated in the same manner. It would seem to me, however, that a little

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'knee action' on the part of American designers and manufacturers before Mr. Smith Clarke and a just recognition of British engineering initiative would fit the present circumstances.

Roosevelt's First Year

BECAUSE no American since Woodrow Wilson has enjoyed such popularity with the common people of Europe as Franklin Roosevelt, the newspapers of England, France, and Germany had to express enthusiasm, however reluctantly, for the first year of the New Deal. Leonard J. Reid, financial editor of the Conservative *Daily Telegraph* of London, wrote from Washington as follows on the anniversary of Roosevelt's inauguration:—

America is out of the last crisis definitely. A year ago she doubted her power to recover. To-day, as I have been told by representatives of most of the leading industries, things everywhere are better and improving. Every American believes that 1934 will be a year of progress, and most of them give the credit to Franklin Roosevelt. It is significant that even the old guard of the Republican opposition are saying that the tide of economic well-being is rising and will continue, in spite of the New Deal.

It is when one comes to talk of 1935 that business men become diffident in their opinions and ask the inevitable question as to what Mr. Roosevelt will do. He has initiated vast state expenditures. These cannot go on forever. Can business and private capital regain the confidence and the initiative to take over gradually from the State the task of providing the driving power of recovery?

In Wall Street they tell you that the Securities Act has killed the private-capital market and the State alone can finance recovery. Others believe that slight modifications of that act would change the whole outlook and that such modifications are likely. The banks have vast liquid resources and are abundantly able to lend to reasonably sound and willing borrowers. Bankers from the Middle West have told me in the last few days that recently signs have appeared of a resumption of real demand for loans and credit in preparation for expanding business.

This, perhaps, is the most hopeful thing that I have heard of the situation. Whatever happens now, America will never be the same again as it was before Franklin Roosevelt took office. She has banished laissez faire. She has entered definitely on the course of conscious planning of her industrial and agricultural life and of adjusting the Constitution and the machinery of democracy. On this course she has only just started. How far and how fast she will go no man can say. Of exceptional interest is the tardily but strongly dawning recognition that economic and financial planning must be related to America's international position.

I believe that before many months have passed Mr. Roosevelt may have approached the leading nations with a view to agreements, not merely on currency, but on currency coupled with mutual trade agreement. As to currency talks themselves, American financial and economic circles realize that they can hardly be useful until it is seen whether the expected rise in the American price level matures or whether circumstances of one kind or another will induce the President to use his power to cut the dollar again.

The economic tide, as well as the tide of popular feeling, is in Mr. Roosevelt's favor. But the questions still remaining to be answered are many and formidable. Can business recover quickly enough to carry on the momentum supplied by vast government outlay? If not, how and when can the Government stop this big-scale spending? How far will lavish federal expenditure serve to revive the production of capital goods? On this very much depends.

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The second year of the New Deal will have to see much pruning and smoothing out. The President himself, as far as I am aware, has made no prophecy of the economic future. But on this first anniversary it is beyond question that the American nation is materially happier, psychologically sturdier than a year ago, and equally loyal to the leader who, through his masterly power of appeal, not only to their emotions but also to their consciences, seems likely to retain longer than previous presidents the backing of a fickle democracy.

The *Temps*, organ of the French Foreign Office and of the Comité des Forges, expressed less enthusiasm:—

Every heresy that experience condemns reappears in the efforts of the Roosevelt administration. Even in the purely political sphere we have seen the Washington Government depart from its traditional doctrines and suddenly set out in absolutely new directions, as happened when Roosevelt decided to grant *de jure* recognition to the Soviet Union for the sole purpose of checking Japanese imperialism in the Far East. And now the President is asking Congress for full power to work out a new tariff policy that we are assured will mark the beginning of a return to liberalism.

No one can deny that all these ideas and deeds give an impression of enormous confusion. A new order is not improvised by breaking all the rules of sound economics, rules that can still be discerned behind the tragic outer circumstances but that must be obeyed if America is to emerge from disorder and return to normal activity. None the less, it is equally true that President Roosevelt, in spite of the setbacks that his policies have suffered, in spite of the reverses that have made his experiment wear such a strange aspect and look like a real revolutionary experiment, has achieved considerable moral results. He has succeeded in creating a 'mysticism,' in recreating confidence throughout a great nation that was ready to abandon itself to despair. Whatever the practical effects of his measures may be, the great majority of Americans regard the President as a man who wanted and dared to try an immense experiment, a man who showed rare audacity at a time when others confessed their impotence and merely waged a desperate battle against a catastrophe that they regarded as unavoidable. Even if Roosevelt is mistaken, even if his methods do not yield hopeful results, he has profoundly modified the atmosphere across the Atlantic.

This is what explains President Roosevelt's great prestige in the eyes of his compatriots in spite of the dubious character of what he has done. A leader who has wrought such a change of mind within a space of a year in a country whose condition was perilous, a leader who has given back courage to those who despaired of everything including themselves certainly represents a force before which one must bow with respect. One can only hope that when President Roosevelt returns to a normal policy and the immediate peril is definitely overcome he will know how to use the powers that he possesses to advance the great cause of international solidarity without which the peace of the world cannot be assured.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, still the best newspaper in Germany and one of the few that occasionally deviate from the strict Nazi line, expresses a point of view that could hardly be endorsed by Hitler himself:—

If we forget all about parties it becomes clear that the younger generation sees in Franklin Roosevelt their leader and that he has put a number of the so-called young liberals in important positions. Their aim is to establish a kind of planned economy, and all their political thinking arises from what used to be known in Germany as the social-liberal school. The ideas of President Roosevelt and his collaborators have a great deal in common with social liber-

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alism as preached in Germany by Friedrich Naumann and Theodor Barth.

Roosevelt's personal views correspond closely to those of Naumann. He is animated by the same social spirit, he is saturated in the same mixture of democratic and liberal theories, and, finally, he is the advocate of a far-reaching nationalism that has remained completely nonmilitary up to now. From these parallels Germans can get some idea of the American President. Here in the United States, however, the president is considered—by himself and others—the political heir of Thomas Jefferson, Woodrow Wilson, and Theodore Roosevelt. This means that he believes in a very democratic form of democracy, a markedly social democracy that Americans refer to as liberal and progressive. Yet there is a strong conservative element in Roosevelt's nature that balances his progressive instincts. The advisers with whom he is surrounded are generally more radical than he is himself, for Roosevelt regards social reform as the only means of avoiding social revolution.

But no American politician can be reduced to a series of abstract ideas, and this is particularly true of Roosevelt. He seems to have a strong personal aversion to everything dogmatic and theoretical. Although inclined to believe in social progress, he has a strong sense of tradition, especially for the tradition of his own country, which is so markedly democratic. His own personal tradition would correspond to that of a great landowner in Germany. For centuries his branch of the family has been living on the banks of the Hudson between New York and Albany. Although he himself and his immediate forbears were engaged in many capitalistic activities, this tradition explains his numerous attacks on 'the money changers.' Perhaps another manifestation of his background is his remarkable skill in asserting his mastery over others.

Even the Japanese press feels that relations with the United States have improved under the New Deal. *Nichi Nichi*, a popular daily paper published in Fukuoka, comments as follows:—

Japanese-American relations seem to have improved considerably of late. Foreign Minister Koki Hirota and other cabinet ministers are constantly endeavoring to improve relations with the United States, and the speeches in the Diet have reflected the will of the Japanese people that they be ameliorated. Magazines have been forbidden to publish reckless and instigatory articles on the Japanese-American situation. Since assuming his post, Mr. Hiroshi Saito, the new ambassador in Washington, has been strenuously emphasizing the need for promotion of Japanese-American friendship. Prince Iyesato Tokugawa, former president of the House of Peers, recently made a favorable impression on the American people with a radio speech on Japan's desire to be friendly with the United States.

At the same time, President Roosevelt and other American leaders are reported to be desirous of removing the unfavorable atmosphere hovering over the two countries. Sound newspapers in the United States are pointing out that the American people do not want war with Japan. Though it is doubtful whether the Roosevelt Administration really intends to give up the so-called 'Stimson doctrine' in connection with the Manchurian incident, the hint of it in the *New York Times*, one of the most influential papers in the country, shows how the wind is blowing.

As we have pointed out time and again, there are many things between the two countries that need improvement, but there is nothing that would justify fighting. No matter how dominant Japan becomes in Manchuria and Mongolia and no matter whether the United States recognizes it or not, there is no reason for the two countries to shed blood.

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WITH THE ADVISORY COUNCIL

TO REPRODUCE all the messages about our ninetieth birthday that have come to us from our Advisory Council would require at least half this issue. We must therefore confine ourselves to reproducing only a handful of representative comments and listing with our thanks all those who sent us their good wishes.

'Many congratulations on the ninetieth birthday of THE LIVING AGE. That certainly is a great record for this unstable country, and I fancy the reason is, not only that you have consistently given the public the very best and have contributed so largely to the education of the mature minds that have read your publication so eagerly, but that, while conforming to progress, you have not been too concerned with popularity and changing fads. First-rate in the beginning, THE LIVING AGE has remained first-rate for ninety years, and it is hardly remarkable that first-rate minds have generously supported it.'—Gertrude Atherton.

'It is gratifying to know that a magazine of such sound principles and such stout intention has arrived at its ninetieth birthday. I am very pleased to be asked to partake in the celebration of so encouraging an occasion. THE LIVING AGE comes to me as one of the soundest reminders of my youth and one with which I have the pleasantest association of informing and illuminating experiences. I know that it was one of the literary props to my youth, and I trust it will go on being a prop to my age and for long afterward. It fills a place that is not touched by any other American magazine and contributes immensely to the enlargement of the field of world thought and activity. As a member of the Advisory Council, I have little to say other than that I trust it will go on doing precisely what it has done.'—Mary Austin.

'Please accept my felicitations on the ninetieth birthday of THE LIVING AGE. Few, if any, American magazines have succeeded so well in combining dignity, realism, and relevance. I hope that its hundredth birthday will find you carrying on your good work and enjoying even greater appreciation from the American public.'—Harry Elmer Barnes.

'My congratulations on the ninetieth birthday of THE LIVING AGE. In my opinion no other publication has done more to enlighten general American public opinion in regard to international affairs than has your periodical. I trust that it will live at least ninety years more.'—Raymond Leslie Buell.

'I wish to extend to you my congratulations for the ninetieth birthday of THE LIVING AGE. When reading the pages of your paper, I am struck with a feeling of humanity and justice that colors them. Writing from the standpoint of commercial gain seems to be wholly absent. Yours is the larger, finer attitude. I can only hope that THE LIVING AGE will never lose its present prestige.'—Cecil Burleigh.

'Congratulations on attaining your ninetieth birthday. Certainly, from my youth up THE LIVING AGE has represented one of the chief links of what might be called a chain of international culture.' —Henry S. Canby.

'Schools and colleges are long lived. Few business institutions survive one hundred years. And for a publication to come to its ninetieth birthday anniversary is a remarkable achievement. More particularly is this so in the case of THE LIVING AGE, which occupies a field all its own and has never swerved from its original purpose and ideal. Having been in the publication business for a generation, I

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have seen many newspapers and magazines come into being, achieve great success, go into decline, and pass into oblivion. My hat is off to THE LIVING AGE, which, while ninety years old, is as young as ever.'—George W. Coleman.

"Congratulations on your ninetieth! Time passes, and many magazines, but your numberless friends are glad with you to-day that THE LIVING AGE goes marching on.'—Gordon Dorrance.

'Owing perhaps to the fact that America is a new nation, we have never enjoyed many of the values, especially spiritual values, that come from age and experience. There is a family in France that has lived on the same land since the days of William the Conqueror. But three generations on the same farm in America is very rare indeed. Too many of our young people have followed the advice of, "Go West, young man, go West." Therefore, it is very unusual and very fine indeed when a grand old publication like THE LIVING AGE is able to celebrate its ninetieth anniversary. You are old in years and experience, but young in spirit—ninety years young—and I offer my heartiest congratulations on your splendid long-time service.'—E. R. Eastman.

'My mother died at the age of ninety-two last December 4. Among the first things I can remember hearing her speak of was THE LIVING AGE. Because it persisted and she lived so long, the magazine acted as a connecting thread through her years, in a sense binding together public affairs with her personal experiences. I regard that as a high privilege such as comes only to a good magazine that endures.'—J. Breckenridge Ellis.

'Magazines do not ordinarily live as long as men. When, like THE LIVING AGE, they have passed three-score years and ten, it proves that they possess some unusual principles of inner vitality. I see no signs of any weakening in THE LIVING AGE as yet. I think we all have every reason to believe that it will continue true to its name and soon run on vigorous and hale into its second century.'—Christian Gauss.

'Permit me to join the company of your subscribers who are pleased to congratulate THE LIVING AGE on the celebration of its ninetieth birthday. To have preserved so much that characterized the first issue of the magazine is indeed a cause for comment in these days of rapid change.'—Harry A. Garfield.

'In a country where most of our works are of brief duration, it is a real comfort to contemplate an institution that has stood unchanged with so high a uniform standard of excellence as THE LIVING AGE. Accept my sincere congratulations.' —Charles H. Grandgent.

'If THE LIVING AGE suggests anything to me on its ninetieth birthday, it is that its long life has been the exposition of so definite a policy, that Mr. Littell's plans a century ago are still its plans to-day. Would that some of our other magazine editors knew as well what they want as Mr. Littell knew. I believe that nothing reveals the floundering, wayward weaknesses of our modern magazines more than their cupped ears to the wind for a hint of what the people "want." And their lack of definition as to what they, as editors, want reveals itself in the writings of their authors. When one picks up THE LIVING AGE, one can be sure of one thing —that the editor knows what he wants. That's saying much more than one can say about any other magazine I know.'—Sydney Greenbie.

'In my grandfather's library in Newburyport, Massachusetts, when I was a boy, were the bound volumes of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, running back almost to the first years of its publication. I was brought

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up to reverence them. For a magazine it has a record that should make its ninetieth birthday a national event. THE LIVING AGE—was its name ever more appropriate or its potential usefulness greater than now? As the editor of an American newspaper in Europe, let me extend my compliments to you particularly on the handling of the political and social problems abroad. The choice of subjects and the selection of articles from foreign publications could scarcely be improved upon. I consider THE LIVING AGE in a field quite by itself and esteem it a great honor to be a member of its Advisory Council.'—Laurence Hills.

'In this day of constant shifting and change, it is reassuring to reflect that for the past ninety years THE LIVING AGE has ceaselessly maintained the high ideals of its founders. As one who has long recognized the magazine as performing a unique service in its careful correlation and selection of the best material offered by European reviews, I offer my congratulations to the present editors and the hope that their publication will continue to fill this very vital need, which, by promoting international understanding, contributes so largely to the peace and harmony that most of us so earnestly hope for to-day.'—Edward P. Warner.

'THE LIVING AGE is a publication that one reads with pleasure and in which one finds many interests. Then with great care one passes it on to some person whom one knows appreciates such an issue. I hope that THE LIVING AGE will help to save this nation from being just dumb driven cattle.'—Julia Wheelock.

'It is certainly remarkable that THE LIVING AGE is going to celebrate its ninetieth birthday. In these days of the rapid rise and decline of magazines it is significant that THE LIVING AGE has been able to maintain itself in its special field with integrity and with the respect of the informed world.'—Ray Lyman Wilbur.

Other members of our Advisory Council who have sent us their greetings include James E. Ackert, John D. Adams, Porter H. Adams, William E. Adams, Lester K. Ade, Charles A. Aiken, Carroll S. Alden, Victor C. Alderson, Alfred Allen, Gardner W. Allen, William H. Allison, Hermann B. Almstedt, Robert van V. Anderson, Arthur I. Andrews, Thomas Q. Ashburn, Helen W. Atwater, Morgan Barnes, Walter Barnes, George A. Barton, Florence Bascom, Lura Beam, Arthur E. Bennett, Luther L. Bernard, Howard Biddulph, William A. Blair, Anita Maris Boggs, Moissaye Boguslawski, Richard A. Bolt, Frederick E. Bolton, Alexander L. Bondurant, Floyd B. Bralliar, Leslie Nathan Broughton, George V. I. Brown, Reynolds D. Brown, Porter Emerson Browne, George M. Calhoun, A. Guyot Cameron, Sr., Irving L. Camp, Robert D. Carmichael, Francis Stuart Chapin, John M. Clark, Walter Irving Clarke, Wat T. Cluverius, Ewing Cockrell, Christopher B. Coleman, H. Milton Colvin, Leo M. Crafts, Norris I. Crandall, David Livingston Crawford, Charles L. Crow, William Edgar Darnall, George H. Denny, Edmund J. Doering, Hamilton J. Eckenrode, Silas Evans, Ralph H. Faxon, Walter Taylor Field, L. A. Foot, Robert S. Forsythe, Walter F. Frear, J. Marion Futrell, Leslie T. Gager, Roger S. Galer, William A. Ganfield, Harold Ward Gardner, Roy L. Garis, Charles B. Gibson, A. Russell Gifford, Finley C. Grise, Frederick W. Grover, Clifford G. Grulee, C. E. Grunsky, Roland M. Harper, Karl P. Harrington, Credo F. Harris, Yandell Henderson, W. S. Hendrix, George N. Henning, D. C. Henny, Chester Lloyd Jones, Clarence M. Lewis, Norman MacKenzie, John T. Madden, Argue Martin, George L. Omwake, G. R. Parker, John C. Rolfe, Willis H. Sargent, Maud Slye, Howard Sutherland.

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COMING EVENTS

Austria

DELLACH. May 20–21, Golf Tournament.

HALLSTATT. May 31, Corpus Christi Procession on the Lake.

HEILIGENBLUT. May 20–21, Ski Races.

HINTERTUX. May 27, Ski Races.

SALZBURG. July 22, Automobile and Motorcycle Races; *28–September 2*, Salzburg Festival: Operas, Dramas, Concerts.

SEMMERING. July 14–15, International Golf Tournament.

TRAUNKIRCHEN. May 31, Corpus Christi Procession.

VIENNA. May 15–July 31, Spring Art Exhibition; *May 20, 27, June 3, 10, 17, 24*, Spanish Riding School Performances; *May 15–30*, International Golf Tournament; *24*, International Derby Meeting; *26–27*, Austrian Championship in Fencing with Sabre and Foil; *27–June 17*, Vienna Festival Week; *May 31*, Second Derby Meeting; *28–June 10*, International Course in Dermatology; *June 16*, Golf Tournament; *16–17*, Road Races through the Austrian Alps for Automobiles and Motorcycles; *July 22–29*, International Bicycle Race through Austria.

Belgium

NAMUR. July 1–31, Annual Fair.

Canada

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. July 1, Dominion Day.

Chile

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. May 21, Day commemorating Iquique Naval Battle.

Cuba

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. May 20, Independence Day.

England

BAMPTON. May 21, Folk-Dance Festival.

BATH. May 29–30, Racing; *June 4–10*, Open Bowls Tournament; *27*, Archery; *July 4–5*, Rose Show; *8–14*, Rotary Carnival; *9–14*, Lawn Tennis Tournament; *16–21*, Summer Polo Tournament at Norton; *18–19*, Racing.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA. May 21, Horse Show; *July 23–28*, Horse Show.

BLACKPOOL. June 6–7, Championship Dog Show.

BOURNEMOUTH. June 27–28, Summer Flower Show.

BRIGHTON. May 26–June 2, Music Festival; *June 20–21*, Sussex Agricultural Show.

BUXTON. June 20–23, 'Well-Dressing Ceremonies.'

CAMBRIDGE. June 6–9, May Week: Rowing and Social Festivities.

CANTERBURY. June 9–16, Canterbury Cathedral Festival.

CARDIFF. May 29–June 9, South Wales Industrial Exhibition.

IPSWICH. July 3–7, Royal Agricultural Show.

LLANDUDNO. June 20, Rose Day Festival; *July 25–27*, Royal Welsh Agricultural Show.

LONDON. May 15–August 6, Royal Academy of Art Exhibition; *May 17–June 2*, Royal Naval, Military, and Air Force Tournament at Olympia; *21*, Horse-Cart Parade; *30–June 1*, Chelsea Hospital Gardens; *June 2*, 'Trooping the Color' on the Horse-Guards Parade; *6*, Derby at Epsom; *6–30*, Society of Women Artists Exhibition; *15–16*, Lawn Tennis Wightman Cup at Wimbledon; *25–July 7*, Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon; *July 9*, Croquet Championships at Roehampton; *9–11*, Cricket: Oxford *v.* Cambridge; *13–14*, Cricket: Eton *v.* Harrow at Lord's; *14*, Polo Cup Final at Roe-

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hampton; *16–18*, Dolmetsch Music Festival at Haslemere; *21*, Athletics: Oxford and Cambridge *v.* Princeton and Cornell at White City; *21, 23, 24*, Davis Cup Inter-Zone Final, Lawn Tennis Matches at Wimbledon; *30–August 4*, International Congress of Anthropological and Ethnological Sciences.

MANCHESTER. May 29–June 9, Branded-Goods Trade Exhibition.

PETERBOROUGH. June 27, Foxhound Show.

RUNNYMEDE. June 15, Magna Carta Day.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON. May, June, July, Shakespeare Dramatic Season.

France

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. July 14, Bastille Day.

ALLOUVILLE-BELLEFOSSE. July 2, Norman Folk Festival.

BORDEAUX. June 15–30, Annual Fair.

CAEN. July 22, International Music Contest.

ÉTEL. June 17, Festival of the Tunny Fisherman.

LE FAOUËT. June 25, Pardon.

PARIS. May 30, Memorial Day Services in American Cathedral; *June 17*, Beginning of Great Fortnight: Horse Racing and Festivities; *July 28–30*, International Women's Congress Against War and Fascism.

RAMBOUILLET. May 27–28, Lily of the Valley Festival.

ROUEN. May 30, Celebration of Martyrdom of Joan of Arc; *June 2–17*, Annual Fair.

SAINT-CYR. July 10–14, Feast of the Triumph.

TRÉGUIER. May 19, Pardon of Saint-Yves, Patron Saint of Lawyers.

Germany

BADEN-BADEN. May 19, Whitsun Ball; *20*, Grand Display of Fireworks; *26*, Grand Ball; *June 2*, Japanese Lantern Fête; *16*, Charity Fête: A Century of Baden-Baden; *23*, Midsummer Night Ball; *July 7*, Theatrical Ball; *14*, Fashion Ball.

BERLIN. May 15–June 3, Exhibition: German Nation-German Work; *July 1–31*, Open-Air Flower Show.

BRESLAU. June 15–30, St. John's Festival.

COLOGNE. May 18–27, Exhibition of Chemical Apparatus; *July*, Exhibition of Mineral Wealth of the Homeland.

CREFELD-UERDINGEN. June 16–18, Handel Festival.

DRESDEN. May 15–July 31, Exhibition: Architecture and Applied Art; *June 15–July 31*, Exhibition: Saxony in the Third Reich; *July 1–4*, Reunion of German Heavy Artillerymen.

DÜSSELDORF. May 15–July 31, National-Socialist Exhibition; *June 4–5*, Meeting of the Kaiser Wilhelm Society for the Furtherance of Science; *July 22–29*, Historical Rifle Meeting.

ERFURT. May 29–June 3, All-German Show of the German Agricultural Society.

FRANKFURT. May 27–29, Meeting of the German Society of Gas and Water Experts.

HAMELN. June 24–July 1, Pied-Piper Festival Week.

KOLBERG. July 2, Frontier Province Demonstration.

LIEBAU. June 23–July 8, Silesian Passion Play.

OBERAMMERGAU. May 21, 27, 30, June 3, 6, 11, 17, 20, 25, July 1, 4, 8, 11, 15, 18, 22, 25, 29, Jubilee Performances of the Passion Play.

Ireland

BELFAST. May 30–June 2, Royal Ulster Agricultural Show.

DONEGAL. June 1–August 15, Pilgrimage to Lough Derg.

LETTERKENNY. June 28–29, Gaelic Festival.

Scotland

AYR. June 16–23, Historical Pageant of Ayrshire.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

'feigned' and suggests that 'in the reckless vivacity of his youth, his satirical pen' may have gone 'astray.' Trollope, for his part, defends Dickens against the charge that he showed 'want of art in the choice of words,' but his analysis of Dickens as 'a radical at heart' might have been written yesterday by one of our up-to-date sociological critics of literature.

WE HAVE been holding for a few months Robert Littell's comparison of Moscow and New York, based on the two most popular newspapers in those cities. It is a shrewd essay in popular psychology, written by a man who has recently visited Russia and knows the language. But to our readers—especially to readers of this issue—Mr. Littell should be identified as the great-grandson of the founder of THE LIVING AGE. We therefore held his article until this month so that it could appear in the same issue with a brief article by his illustrious ancestor.

ASIA, we shall continue to insist, is the continent toward which American students of foreign affairs should direct their attention. The European press is devoting more and more space to the subject, and we translate this month two representative articles. Pierre Dominique, who edits *Pamphlet*, a lively liberal magazine, in company with Alfred Fabre-Luce and Jean Prévost, foresees Communism—or rather Spartacism—sweeping China. The word Spartacism, which he uses several times, came to the fore in Germany after the War when the Left-wing Social Democrats, most of whom subsequently turned Communist, called themselves 'Spartacists' after Spartacus who led the Slave or Gladiatorial War in Rome. His name has long been synonymous with uprisings of the oppressed.

THE second article on Asia comes from Shanghai and is written for the *Neue Freie Presse*, which we still call a 'liberal' Vienna newspaper. Whereas M. Dominique paints a rather vague picture and suggests three possible solutions of the present struggle for power in China, Herr. Bosshard shows exactly what territories are in dispute. He foresees trouble in Inner and Outer Mongolia in the very near future. Outer Mongolia is a Soviet Republic, and Soviet influence has also extended to Inner Mongolia, which the Japanese are now trying to penetrate not so much because of the intrinsic value of the territory as because the road to the rich province of Sin-Kiang passes that way.

THE third Asiatic item is a short story from Soviet Armenia, showing how far the legend of Lenin has spread and what strange forms it takes. Such tales as the shepherd in this story tells are no doubt being repeated by millions of simple folk in all parts of Asia.

GISELHER WIRSING is one of the most industrious and able journalists in Germany. His description of the present state of Europe not only reflects the Nazi point of view but contains a great deal of sound analysis. His assumption that Germany is not only innocent but above the battle may arouse some skepticism, but it is not a whit more hypocritical than the French wails about security and the British demand for land—but not sea—disarmament.

WE CLOSE our anniversary number in lighter vein. Mr. Mellersh's article on 'Animals and Play' reminds us that only warm-blooded animals indulge in play and that human beings preserve their instinct for play throughout their lives. Let us hope that THE LIVING AGE is to be classed not only among the mammals but among the humans in this respect.

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